



**DEMOCRACY IS
NOT FOR THE
PEOPLE**





Democracy is not for the People

Josef Kaplan

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"Gifts of Cloaks" is for Michael Scharf.
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When several villages are united in a single complete community, large enough to be nearly or quite self-sufficing, the state comes into existence, originating in the bare needs of life, and continuing in existence for the sake of a good life. And therefore, if the earlier forms of society are natural, so is the state, for it is the end of them, and the nature of a thing is its end.

Aristotle, *Politics*

He spoke of Orestes's vengeance. A spiritual hecatomb, he said. Do you know what a hecatomb is? I associated that word with nuclear warfare, so I thought it better not to reply. But Coffeen kept asking. A disaster, I said, a catastrophe? No, said Coffeen, a hecatomb is the sacrifice of a hundred oxen all at once. It comes from the Greek *hekaton*, which means one hundred, and *bous*, which means ox. There are even records from classical times of five hundred oxen being slain. Can you imagine that, he asked. Yes, I can imagine anything, I replied.

Roberto Bolaño, *Amulet*

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Tilt-Shift

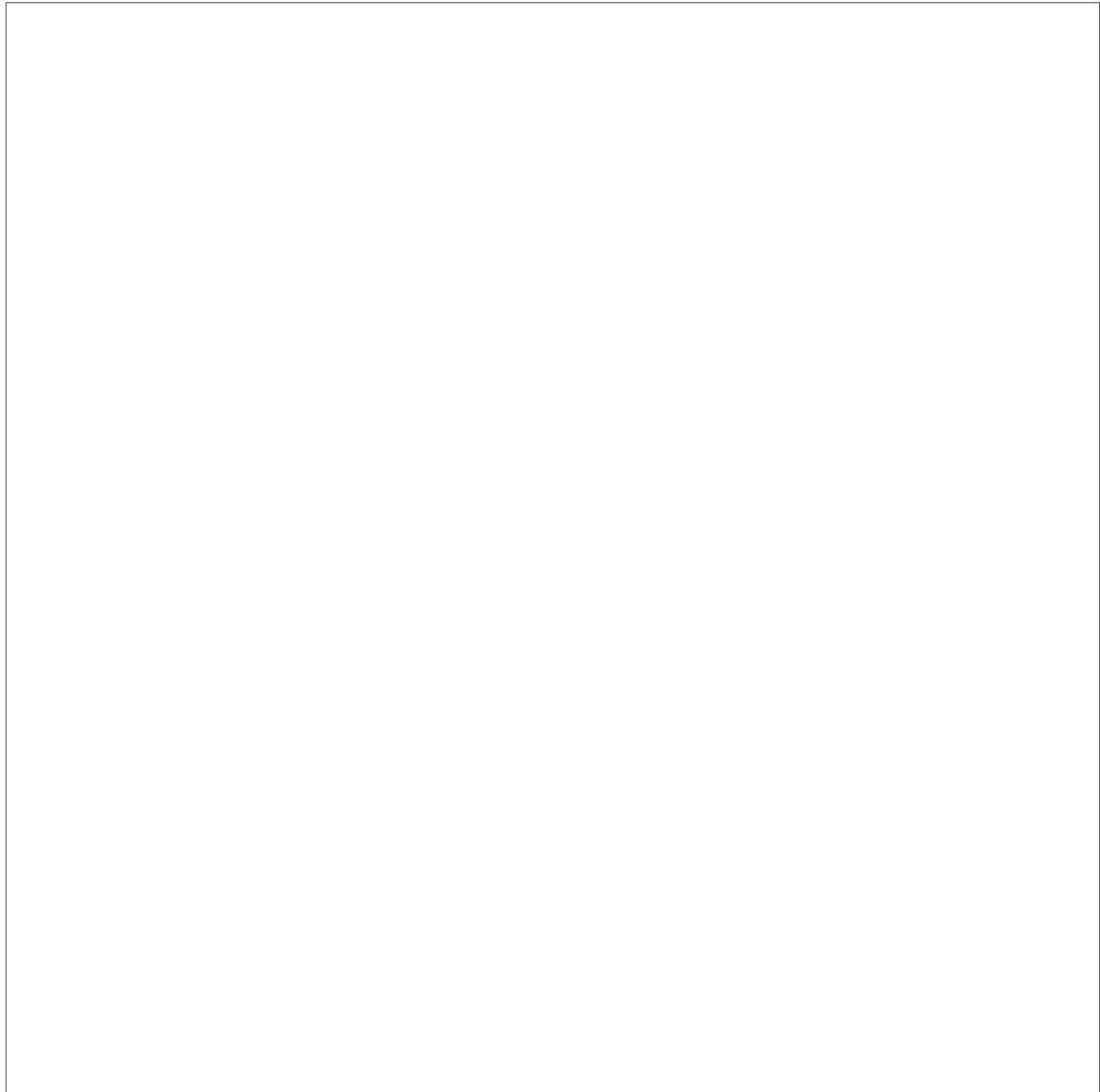
The Epiphanies

Before closing my eyes, I call the venerables, reverends, to organize in solidarity to make sacrifices. We have used all of the accepted protest methods available to activists, including marching, protesting, and writing countless articles and letters. Close to a thousand leaflets. A last testament, distributed to several friends and fellow activists. Since in our self-obsessed culture words seldom match the deed, writing a mission statement would seem questionable. So judge me by my actions. When you read this letter, I will already be dead or close to death. We have certain ideals, certain responsibilities. Recognize that at times you will have to engage in evil, but minimize it. Know that I love you, but I must go to help the children. In front of the Federal Building, in Los Angeles. I did this as a religious action. I believe in God and the hereafter, and I will see you there. Hopefully, my act will make life better. I know the price of life and I know it is the most precious thing. But I want a lot for you, for everyone, so I have to pay a lot. My death will bind you. Forgive me for this act without crying. Say hi to the boys, the river and the forest. Kiss our land for me. Looking south, towards the Price Cen-

ter ATMs. Our land, which gave birth to Freedom, will annihilate tyranny. Ne tuons pas la beauté du monde. We are not machines. You shall not bear false witness. Please pass on... please inform a journalist from press, radio, television, rapidly, a radio message to everyone, to the inherent greed of profit, of confidence tricks, of taking people unawares here, and the inherent necessity of inertia and cowardice there. The inherent necessity of conscience. I choose the last and utmost form of protest, and instead of the lighthouse I nevertheless still use the sandcastle at least for a fire signal. I'm not scared of arrest, nor of being killed. Below Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's Pentagon office. At a busy intersection in Saigon. I know what a severe blow my act will be to you, but don't be angry with me. Do not lose heart. I cherish it too much. Do not let them make me a madman. My position is that I only get one death. In a room in a small hotel on Ly Tu Trong Street. I want to protest the present government and economic system, and the cynicism and passivity of the people. It is a waste of energy to get angry and gripe at the government. The government must be replaced. Those working in industries essential to maintaining life should democratically take over their workplaces and organize an emergency economy to supply the needs of the people. On the University of Pennsylvania campus. In Saint Peter's Square in Rome. On the side of the Kennedy Expressway, in downtown Chicago. Blame only the regime. My actions should be self-explanatory; not of despair, but of resistance and resolution; to dissipate the dark; a burning rocket

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on the Champs-Élysées, before the offices of Aeroflot. I tell you, do not be indifferent to the day, the measure of all history from top to bottom. I have had one previous opportunity to serve my country in a meaningful way: at 8:05 one morning in 2002, I passed Donald Rumsfeld on Delaware Avenue, and I was acutely aware that slashing his throat would spare the lives of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of innocent people. In San Sebastián. In Chennai, Tamil Nadu, India. Through the streets of downtown Seoul. If you don't see me, I'll burn myself. In front of a local government building. In a plaza in Berlin. In Wenceslas Square in Prague. In Main Square (now called Masarykovo nam).



Shahada

From another angle, the power of pure consciousness settles in its own pure nature, a spectacular battle chariot appearing in the form of a celestial warrior riding in his own battle chariot, drawn by four living creatures, each having four faces (of a man, a lion, an ox, and an eagle) and four wings, traveling simultaneously forward and backward, up and down, moving amidst the intermittent flash of lightning, on beryl-colored wheels carved to display the likenesses of, alternately, a tree with white fruit, a straight and narrow path, a rod of iron, a mist of darkness, a great and spacious building, and wheels, wheels within wheels, with eyes ringed round the tall and awesome rims, devouring the whole Earth, treading it down and crushing it under its massive, obscure form, a white figure that desecrates the temple, removing the daily sacrifice and persecuting those who remain true to it for 70 weeks, until, on the 70th week, from the heavens, a dove descends and enters the accursed figure's body and fills it, commanding it to eat a variety of impure animals on an unprecedented scale, requiring the permanent banishment of the wicked so that a new Heaven

and a new Earth replace the old, and the people of God go to live in the presence of God and Christ, in a heavenly city where they are initially all kept under strict guard in a private house, until a document is signed and consent is given to collect for us a double tax and double tribute from the Christians (for they inhabit our territory and agree with Caesar, our enemy) and it is only after this concession that they may turn from this document and focus their energies finally on the exquisite beauty of a beam of sunlight reflected in a spontaneously burnished pewter dish, revealing the spiritual structure of the world as well as the relationship between God and man, and good and evil, an epiphany so profound they are buffeted and thrown down as if by a powerful whirlwind, by an inexplicable thunder or explosion-like sound so resonant it produces sparks from a nearby stove, thus illuminating an anthology of ancient Latin poets on the bedside table, from which a verse can be read, "What path shall I follow in life," a verse that is immediately answered, in chorus, "Fire, God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, not of the philosophers and the scholars," for it seems the pages have been carefully sewn into the coat of an initiate, an act performed perhaps in a trance, under the influence of many different dreams and visions, some greatly pleasurable, others highly disturbing, a cathartic process lasting six months, often compared to the Catholic concept of Purgatory, manifesting what is recorded in these dreams as a battle between the love of the self and the love of God, in a wooded area, in Manchester,

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New York, where prayer is not often conducted for rumor of an old evil power that resides there, and for the terrifying materialization of two shining beings, who hover above the supplicant and tell them not to join any existing churches because they all teach incorrect doctrines whose edicts cause the tongue to swell in the mouth, for the world is corrupt, but for the brief and peculiar sensations encountered in the presence of truly natural objects, a curious, nervous timbre thought to be evidence of divine attention, similar to anecdotes alleging “angelic visitations” and “angelic discourse” with high-ranking government officials, or descriptions of panic in the more common, peasant genre of “angelic visions,” visions of angels who don’t speak, many angels, each exactly resembling the other in their features or portrait, one over the other, as in an eclipse, a black man’s hand covering the solar orb, signaling rebellion, signaling that all enemies be slain with their own weapons, that certain subsequent atmospheric conditions be interpreted to portend the birth of a son, or to alert us that light has entered a woman’s womb, or that Sita, consort of Rama, has merged with the Prophet’s body, or that two young boys have merged with the Prophet’s body, or that a radiant personage with grave countenance and a white beard resembling the Prophet has merged with the Prophet’s body, or that Jesus has merged with the Prophet’s body, a direct realization of his reality, as when a stone image takes on the characteristics of a human in order to rob it of food, a kind of supernatural occurrence intervening to

help the British at a decisive moment in battle: phantom bowmen and phantom cavalrymen, summoned by a soldier, calling on Saint George, destroying the German host without mercy or difficulty.

Gifts of Cloaks

Kenji Urada, born in 1944, was one of the earliest individuals killed by a robot. Urada was a 37-year-old maintenance engineer at a Japanese Kawasaki plant. In 1981, while working on a broken robot, he failed to turn it off completely, resulting in the robot pushing him into a grinding machine with its hydraulic arm. He died as a result. Urada is often mistakenly referred to as the *first* person killed by a robot. However, Robert Williams was killed by a robot two years earlier, in 1979. Williams was struck by a robotic arm at a casting plant in Flat Rock, Michigan.

A robotic arm is a robot manipulator, usually programmable, with similar functions to a human arm. The links of such a manipulator are connected by joints, allowing either rotational motion (such as in an articulated robot) or translational (linear) displacement. The links of the manipulator can be considered to form a kinematic chain. The business end of the kinematic chain of the manipulator is called the end effector, and it is analogous to the human hand. The end effector can be designed to perform any desired task, such as welding, gripping, spinning etc., depending on the application.

Robotic arms can be autonomous or controlled manually, and can be used to perform a variety of tasks with great accuracy.

SWORDS, or the “Special Weapons Observation Reconnaissance Detection System,” is a weaponized robot being developed by Foster-Miller for the United States Army. The robot is composed of a weapons system mounted on the standard Foster-Miller TALON chassis (a small, tracked military robot). The current price of one unit is \$230,000. However, Foster-Miller claims that when it enters mass production the price may drop to between \$150,000 and \$180,000.

There are a variety of different weapons that can be placed on a SWORDS: an M16 rifle, a 5.56mm SAW M249 machine gun, a 7.62mm M240 machine gun, a .50 caliber M82 Barrett rifle, and a six barreled 40mm grenade launcher or quad 66mm M202A1 FLASH incendiary weapon.

In 2007, three SWORDS units were deployed to Iraq. Each unit was armed with an M249 machine gun. This deployment marked the first time that robots have carried guns into battle.

Most countries are bound to international laws of war, such as the Geneva Conventions. These laws govern the conduct of participants in war and also define combatants. These laws place a burden upon participants to limit collateral damage through proper identification of targets, and the distinction between combatants and non-combatants.

The use of completely autonomous weapons systems is prob-

lematic because of the difficulty in assigning accountability to a person. Therefore, some designs incorporate an element of human control: a “man in the loop,” or controller, who must authorize weapons release.

But the human controller’s role is also problematic. For example, if they are a civilian and not a member of the military (which is quite possible with developmental and highly sophisticated weapons systems) they would be considered a combatant under international law, which carries a distinct set of responsibilities and consequences. It is for this reason that the “man in the loop” should ideally be a member of the military, one that understands and accepts their role as combatant.

SWORDS units are not autonomous. A SWORDS unit has to be controlled by a human using a small console to remotely direct the device and fire its weapons. Foster-Miller is currently at work on a Game Boy-style controller with virtual-reality goggles for future SWORDS unit operators.

Tactical Autonomous Combatant is a term used by the United States Joint Forces for a robot that would be able to act autonomously in combat or in other environments that are hostile to humans. They were originally described in the 2003 Project Alpha study “Unmanned Effects: Taking the Human out of the Loop.”

The Mobile Autonomous Robot Software research program was started in December 2003 by the Pentagon, who purchased 15 Segways in an attempt to develop more advanced military robots.

The program was part of a \$26 million Pentagon program to develop software for autonomous systems.

The Autonomous Rotocraft Sniper System is an experimental robotic weapons system being developed by the United States Army since 2005. It consists of a remotely operated sniper rifle attached to an unmanned autonomous helicopter. It is intended for use in urban combat.

An unmanned combat air vehicle (UCAV, or “combat drone”) is an experimental class of unmanned aerial vehicle (UAV). They differ from ordinary UAVs because they are designed to deliver weapons and attack targets, possibly with a great degree of autonomy. The elimination of the need for an onboard human crew in a combat aircraft that may be shot down over enemy territory has obvious advantages for personnel safety. In addition, much of the equipment necessary for a human pilot (such as the cockpit, flight controls, oxygen, seat/ejection seat, etc.) can be omitted from an unmanned vehicle, resulting in a decrease in weight, and possibly allowing for greater weapons payloads, fuel efficiency and craft maneuverability.

Current UCAV concepts call for an aircraft that would be able to operate autonomously. The aircraft could be programmed with route and target details, and would conduct the mission without help from human controllers.

Examples include:

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J-UCAS UCAV

Boeing X-45 UCAV; Northrop Grumman X-47 Pegasus

J-UCAS UCAV would use stealth technologies and carry precision-guided weapons such as the Joint Direct Attack Munition (JDAM) or precision miniature munitions, such as the Small-Diameter Bomb, to suppress enemy air defenses.

Controllers could use real-time data sources, including satellites, to plan for and respond to changes on and around the battlefield.

USAF Hunter-Killer

Scaled Composites Models 395 & 296; General Atomics MQ-9 Reaper, originally Predator B; Aurora Flight Sciences/Israel Aircraft Industries Eagle/Heron 2; Unnamed Lockheed Martin entry

The United States Air Force has shifted its UCAV program from medium-range tactical strike aircraft to long-range strategic bombers. The technology of the Long-Range Strike program is based on the Lockheed Martin Polecat demonstrator.

Sagem Sperwer

The Sagem Sperwer B is a long endurance tactical UAV. The Sperwer can carry two Rafael-made Spike LR missiles for 12 hours, with a range of 200 kilometers. All ground facilities of the Sperwer SDT (used by France, Netherlands, Sweden, Greece, Canada and Denmark) are compatible with the Sperwer B.

Elbit Hermes 450

The Israeli Air Force, which operates a squadron of Hermes 450s out of the Palmachim Airbase located south of Tel Aviv, has adapted the Hermes 450 for use as an assault UAV, reportedly equipping it with two Hellfire missiles or, according to various sources, two Rafael-made missiles. According to Israeli, Palestinian, Lebanese and interdependent reports, the Israeli assault UAV has seen extensive service in the Gaza Strip, and was used intensively in the Second Lebanon War. Israel has not denied this capability, but to date, its policy has been not to officially confirm it either.

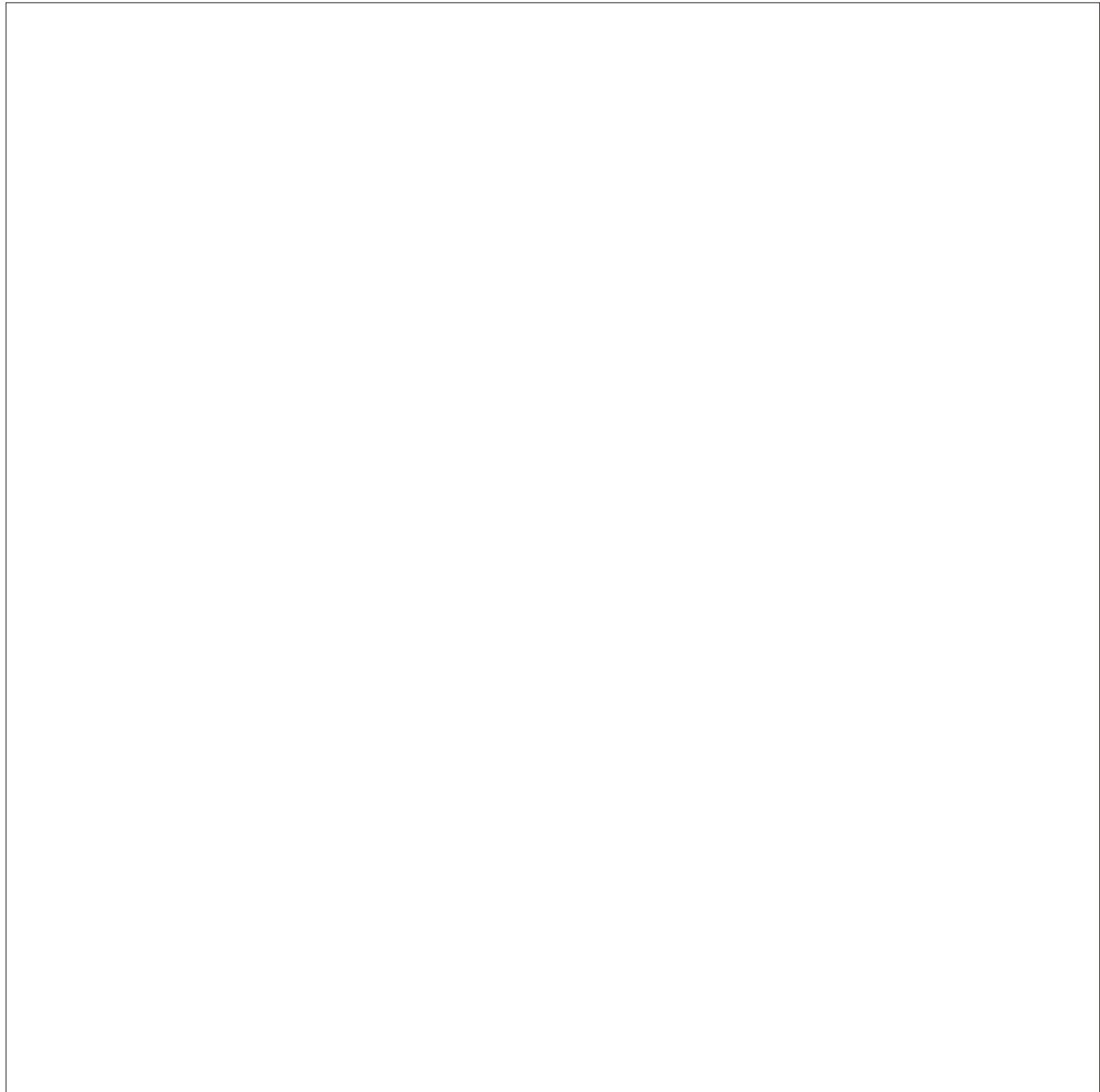
BAE Taranis

Taranis is a British demonstrator program of unmanned combat air vehicle technology. It is part of the UK's Strategic Unmanned Air Vehicle (Experimental) program (SUAV[E]). The Taranis demonstrator will have an MTOW of about 8,000 kilograms, and be of a similar size to the BAE Hawk, making it one of the world's largest UAVs. It will be stealthy, fast and able to deploy a range of munitions over a number of targets while defending itself against manned and other unmanned enemy aircraft. The first steel was cut in September 2007 and ground testing reportedly started in early 2009. The first flight of the Taranis may have taken place in the first quarter of 2010. The demonstrator will have two internal weapons bays. With the inclusion of "full autonomy," the intention is thus for this platform to be able to "think for itself" for a large part of the mission.

Since 2004, the United States government, led by the Central Intelligence Agency's Special Activities Division, has used "drones" (UAVs) to execute a series of attacks on targets in northwest Pakistan. Under the George W. Bush administration, these controversial attacks were called a part of the "War on Terrorism"; they aimed to defeat Taliban and Al-Qaeda militants thought to have found a safe haven in Pakistan.

Drone attacks have continued under the Presidency of Barack Obama, most of them aimed at targets in the Federally Administered Tribal Areas along the Afghan border in northwest Pakistan. Strikes are mostly carried out by UAVs operated remotely from Creech Air Force Base.

Generally, the UAVs used are MQ-1 Predators and, more recently, MQ-9 Reapers firing AGM-114 Hellfire missiles. These drones have become a weapon of choice for the United States in the fight against Al-Qaeda. Some media refer to these attacks as a "drone war." Pakistan's government publicly condemns these attacks, but has secretly shared intelligence with Americans and also allowed the drones to operate from Shamsi airfield in Pakistan.



I Know a Man

"I don't think I've ever been this drunk," thought Ryan Dunn, as the afterburners on his CIA-issue hover coupe gave a sharp kick in acceleration. The grav cylinders weren't built for this kind of torque, and he could feel it. He could feel the frame starting to warp, ever so subtly, at every turn, every maneuver leaving a small, distorted mark on the integrity of the chassis. For the packs of feral deer that littered the side of the highway, the car could be seen unfolding in a kind of slow-motion floral pattern, like a self-contained, crystalline plastic vapor trail.

The agent at his right seemed unfazed, distractedly tugging at his buttoned shirt. He mumbled: "This shit is crazy; it's like fucking a robot."

"Stop saying that," snapped Dunn. This wasn't at all like fucking a robot, and he should know. Dunn was a robot that fucked and fucked often. Fucked robots. Fucked people. He was a killer robot built for fucking, for fucking shit up.

Dunn blinked his lids and shot the PLAYBACK command into his synthetic brain, less thought than reflex. Then that sweet dissolving

pointillist wash. Dunn liked the PLAYBACK, how it sharpened probabilities down to an instance, bending all equational space around a single, predictive force. Merely predictive, yes, but predictive like a contracted muscle. In the PLAYBACK he could feel the act already accomplished, fate brought down like a hammer or dictation.

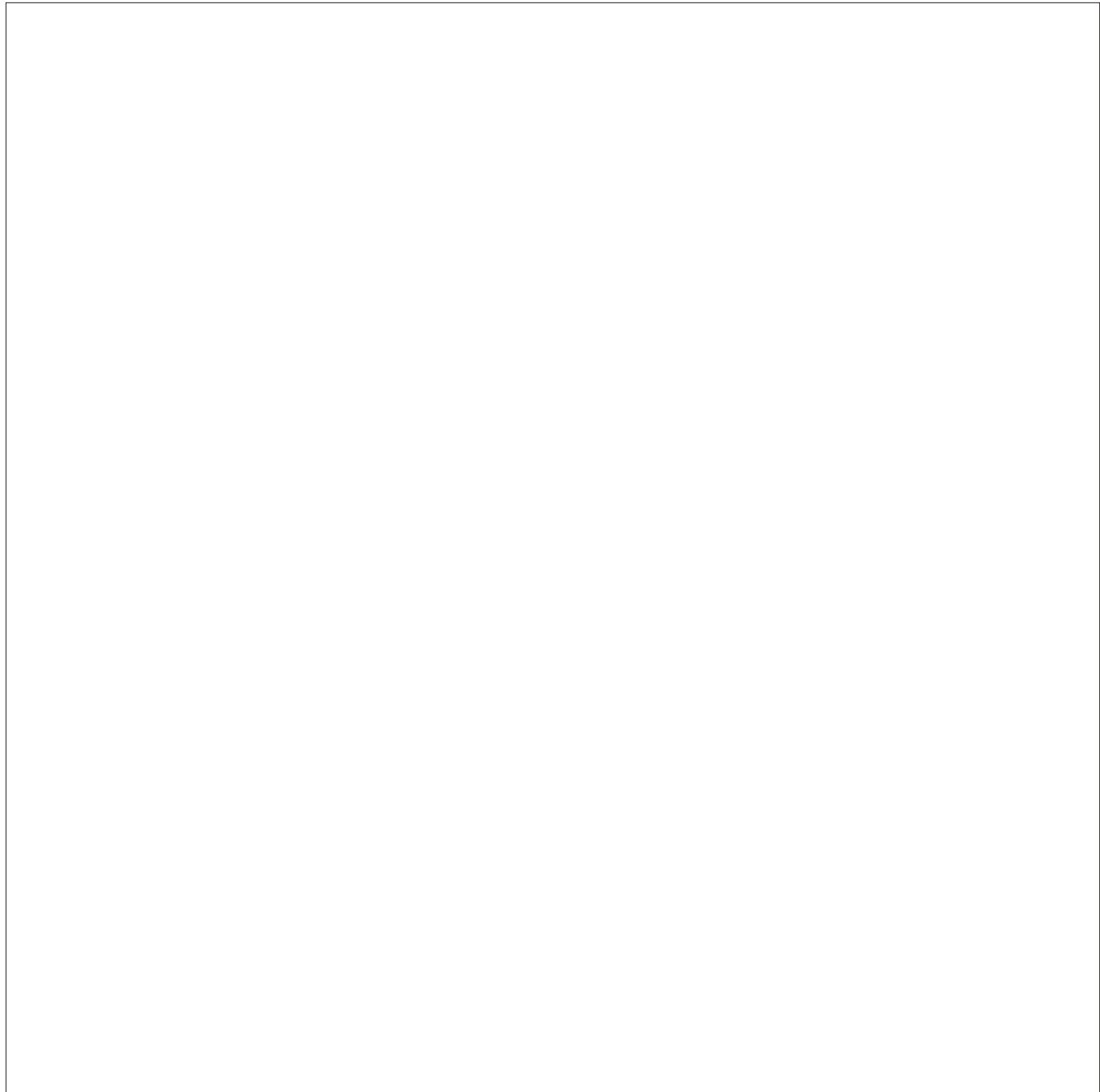
PLAYBACK, and the future spreads out like a tarp: Dunn blinks through the car's hard wind up the valley, its cloaking features delaying the satellite surveillance of the area; the covering fire from air-dropped CIA operatives; the car's churning, weaponized grill sawing through the compound's blast wall like some terrible equine nightmare; the dodged mines; the dodged RPG; agents of the Imperial Guard mowed down into blurred silhouettes of gore; the car eating its way through the armored front of the Royal Palace, then galloping up the stairs, hover-pads blasting white-blue streaks of energy through the runner rug, burning it to tatters; and finally, into the bedchambers, up, onto the bed, and onto the President, who, in his last moments, holds out his antediluvian hand in this pathetic, crooked position, halfway between a salute and a high-five, a final, doomed attempt to shield himself from the grinding front of the luxury coupe.

Gilgul

The King was stabbed while his coach's progress was stopped by traffic congestion during the Queen's coronation ceremony. A monk gave the King a bundle of papers and stated that he had a secret message to deliver. The King signaled for his attendants to step back for privacy, and the monk whispered in his ear while plunging a knife into his abdomen. Hercule do Rohan, duc de Montbazon, was with him; Hercule himself was wounded in the ensuing scuffle, but survived, and transported the King in secret to a masked ball at the Royal Opera House in Stockholm. Soon upon entering, the King was surrounded by conspirators, who had easily spotted him mainly due to the breast star of the Royal Order of the Seraphim—it glowed in silver upon his cape. The conspirators were all wearing black masks and accosted the King in French: "Bonjour, beau masque," they hissed. One moved in behind the King and fired a pistol shot into the left side of his back. The King jumped aside, crying out: "Ah! Je suis blessé, tirez-moi d'ici et arrêtez-le." The King was immediately carried back to his quarters for treatment, and the exits to the Opera were sealed and the conspirators arrested. But a

gang of prominent dignitaries charged into his bedroom, flush with drink, and found him hiding behind drapers in the corner. The dignitaries pulled him out, forced him to the table and tried to compel him to sign his abdication. The King offered some resistance, so one of the dignitaries struck him with a sword. Then they strangled him and trampled his body, then strangled him again with a bowstring and compressed his testicles. He was dragged across the floor, stabbed several times, stripped naked, and with the purpose to dishonor him, his genitals were examined. His body was then displayed for foreigners to witness. Oil was then poured on him and he was set on fire. He was then taken to the forest, where his remains were set on fire again. The King, suddenly overcome with grief, rose and ordered that no crops should be planted during the following year, no milk was to be used, and any woman who became pregnant was to be killed along with her husband. Cows were to be slaughtered so that their calves would know what losing a mother felt like. The King was later shot by an old, rusty revolver. He was pierced with four revolver shots. His palace was invaded by a group of army officers who discovered the King and his family hidden in a cupboard in the Queen's bedroom. They were all shot and their bodies mutilated and disemboweled and, according to eyewitness accounts, thrown from a second floor window of the palace onto piles of garden manure. The King was then shot by a former army sergeant and sharpshooter. He was also shot by an alcoholic vagrant. More executioners drew revolvers and more shooting began.

The King was shot multiple times in the chest. His family was then stabbed with bayonets and then shot at close range in the head. The King was then shot by an additional gunman, this time in front of a cameraman. The King may have then shot himself in the head, accidentally or in suicide, or he may have been shot by an assassin—there is no definitive account. Regardless, shortly afterwards, he and his family were ordered to face the palace wall and were all immediately machine-gunned by their captors. The King was then shot point-blank by his half-brother's son. The King and his family were then shot by his eldest son and heir.



Tributary

The word golem is used in the Bible to describe an embryonic or incomplete substance. Psalm 139:16 uses the word גָּלַם, meaning “my unshaped form,” which then passes into Yiddish as goylem. In modern Hebrew, the word *golem* means “dumb” or “helpless.” The Mishnah, or “oral Torah,” uses the term for an uncultivated person.

The first stories of golems date to early Judaism. In the Talmud, Adam was initially created as a golem when his dust was “kneaded into a shapeless husk.” Like Adam, all golems are created from mud. They were a creation of those who were very holy and close to God. A very holy person was one who strove to approach God, and in that pursuit would gain some of God’s wisdom and power. One of these powers was the creation of life. However, no matter how holy a person became, a being created by that person would be but a shadow of one created by God. Early on, it was noted that this discrepancy was mainly evident in the most prominent disability of the golem: its muteness.

Jesus Christ, a Jew holy and close to God, is said to have cured

those who were referred to as “mute.” In the Gospel of Mark, Jesus healed a deaf-mute man in the Decapolis. Jesus put his fingers into the man’s ears, then he spit and touched the man’s tongue. He looked up to heaven and with a deep sigh said to the man: “*Eph-phatha*,” or “be opened.” At this, the man’s ears were opened, his tongue was loosened and he began to speak plainly.

Supported by studies of children’s speech, American Jewish psycholinguist Noam Chomsky has suggested that the rules for meaning in language are inborn, that they come into being alongside us. For example, children’s first negative statements consist of adding “no” or “not” to a positive statement: “no dog like it,” instead of “dogs don’t like it.” Later, they will use the uncontracted form of will: “I will read you book,” though they hear adults say “I’ll read you a book.” These habits are universal in young children.

Chomsky has also argued that, if the human brain contains a limited, universal set of rules for organizing language, one can assume that all languages have a common structural basis. Much in the same way that a book, though it may be written in a number of different languages, makes common the physical inscription of the languages it represents.

A golem is inscribed with words, much like a book. Those words keep it animated. The word *emet*, or “truth” in the Hebrew language, is written on a golem’s forehead. The golem could then be deactivated by erasing the aleph in *emet*, thus changing the inscription from “truth” to “death.” Legend and folklore suggest that

golems could be activated by writing a specific series of letters on parchment and placing the paper in a golem's silent mouth.

The most famous golem narrative involves Judah Loew ben Bezalel, the late 16th century chief rabbi of Prague, also known as the Maharai, who reportedly created a golem to defend the Prague ghetto from anti-Semitic attacks and pogroms. Depending on the version of the legend, the Jews in Prague were to be either expelled or killed under the rule of Rudolf II, the Holy Roman Emperor. To protect the Jewish community, the rabbi constructed the Golem, which became increasingly violent, killing Gentiles and spreading fear until the Emperor begged Rabbi Loew to destroy it, promising in turn to stop the persecution of the Jews.

Obviously, it is largely the golem's success in killing Gentiles that made it effective in not only protecting the ghetto's Jewish inhabitants, but winning a capitulation of sovereignty by Rudolf II—that he would no longer seek harm to the Jews whose welfare he was otherwise lord over. The golem can be said to have exploited what Stuart E. Eizenstat—a Jewish social scientist, and foreign and domestic policy advisor—called the “security gap”: the state's ability or inability to protect its citizens and territory from internal and external threats.

The opening of the “security gap” is a fundamental tactic of insurgent struggle, which is understood to be armed rebellion against a constituted authority. Acts of violence targeting vulnerable components of the opposed state serve to undermine its broader legitimacy and/or power. Karl Marx, a Jewish philosopher, sociolo-

gist and economic historian, wrote that “there is only one means to shorten, simplify and concentrate the murderous death throes of the old society and the bloody birth pangs of the new, only one means—revolutionary terrorism.”

Other successful insurgent campaigns include the Peninsular War in Spain, the First Boer War, the Greek War of Independence against the Ottoman Empire, the Algerian War, the Afghani Mujahideen against the USSR, the Cuban Revolution, East Timor’s struggle for independence, the Kosovo Liberation, the Eritrean War of Independence, the Turkish Revolutionaries in the Turkish War of Independence against the Partitioning of the Ottoman Empire by Allied Forces, the Arab Revolt of 1916-1918, the Haitian Revolution, the Independence War in Latin America, the Indonesian War for Independence, Hezbollah in Southern Lebanon, the American Revolutionary War, the Philippines under Japanese occupation during World War II, the Rhodesian Bush War, portions of the Wars of Scottish Independence, portions of the Irish War of Independence, the First Indochina War, the Vietnam War, the Cambodian Civil War, the Bangladesh Liberation War, the People’s War in Nepal, the Partisans of Yugoslavia, the Chinese War of Liberation and the Nicaraguan War for Independence from Spain.

The condition of these struggles can be described alternately as guerilla warfare, irregular warfare, revolutionary warfare, political warfare, asymmetrical warfare, unconventional warfare, irregular military activity, revolutionary terrorism and revolutionary violence.

Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, a Russian revolutionary, political philosopher and economic theorist, whose maternal grandfather was Jewish, wrote that “one cannot hide the fact that dictatorship presupposes and implies a ‘condition,’ one so disagreeable to renegades, of revolutionary violence of one class against another... the ‘fundamental feature’ of the concept of dictatorship of the proletariat is revolutionary violence.”

In Marxist socio-political thought, the “dictatorship of the proletariat” refers to a socialist state in which the proletariat, or industrial working class, have control of political power. The use of the word “dictatorship,” though linguistically similar to the Classical Roman concept of the *dictatura*, does not mean the governance of a state by a small group with no democratic process; it means that an entire class holds political and economic control within a particular democratic framework, though certainly one also capable of exercising repressive or exclusionary functions.

Marxists commonly believe that the dictatorship of the proletariat is a transitional phase that emerges out of the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, or capitalist society, in which affluent classes own the means of production and exploit the working classes for the generation of private profit, and that the dictatorship of the proletariat will itself eventually come to be replaced by an entirely classless, stateless form of society known as pure communism—a mute, helpless state that falls away.

The condition of exploitation inflicted on the proletariat by bour-

geois or capitalist society can be described alternately as child labor, forced labor, human trafficking, sharecropping, trafficking of children, forced prostitution, suzerainty, child sexual exploitation, corporate abuse, debt bondage, cruelty to animals, globalization, exploitation of natural resources, free trade, wage slavery, indentured servitude, international child abduction, slavery, sweatshop labor, unequal exchange, working poor, and tributary.

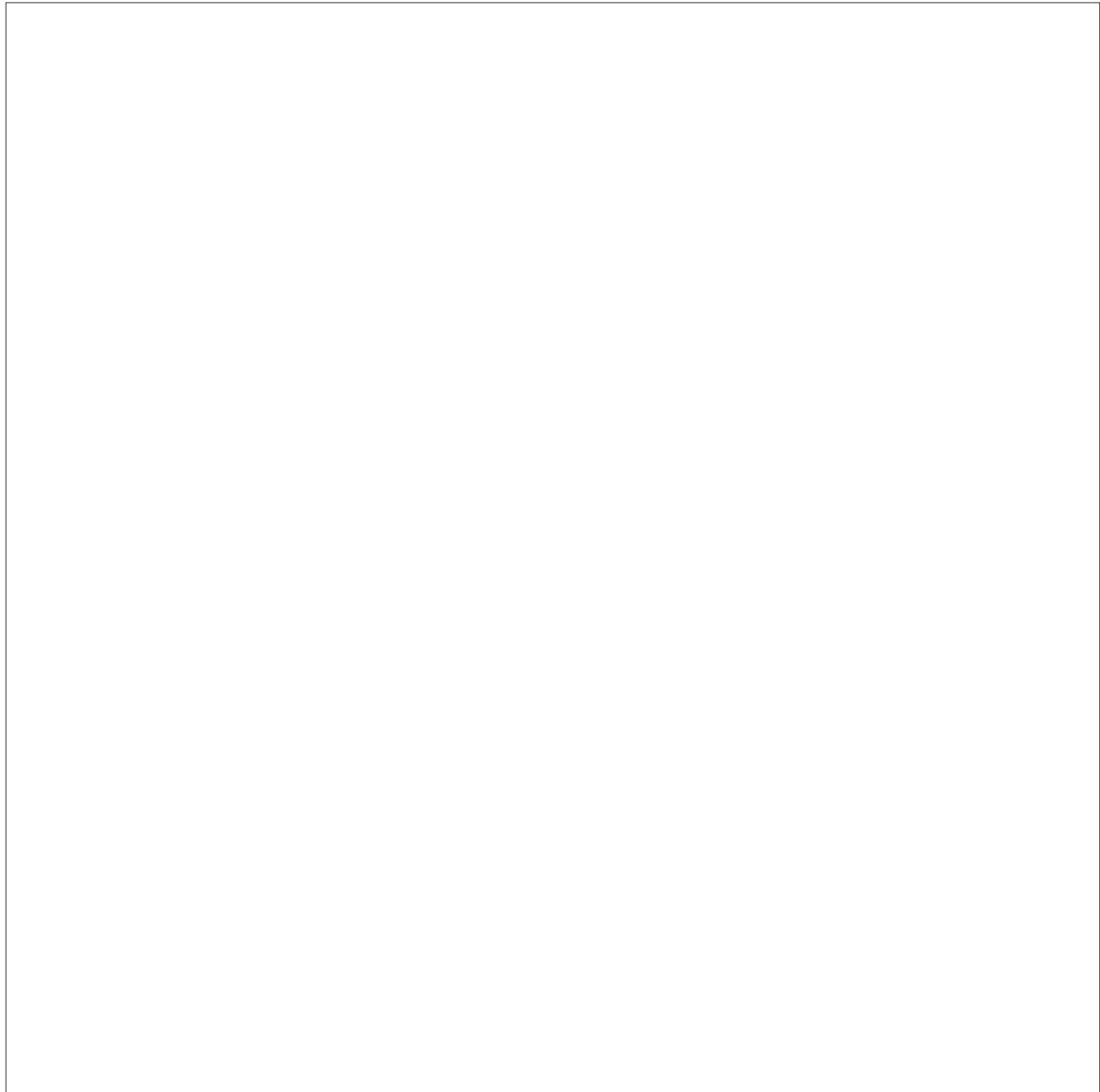
A "tributary" or "tributary state" is a state, colony, region or people who pay tribute to a more powerful, suzerain state. A "tributary" or "affluent" is a stream or river that flows into a main stem (or parent) river or a lake.

Grammarsci

There can be no title or words from the first line if one wants to study a conception of the world. de Man's book gives us two aspects of Marxism: Machiavellianism and Marxism, and the historical materialism and practical criteria or canons of historical and political interpretation. Roberto Ardigò, however, conceives of these aspects differently—he sees them as being superstructures for a kind of science, and that, because of this, Machiavelli and Marx are merely a repertory of Marxism. Marx and Machiavelli, according to Ardigò, are the fundamental problems of Marxism; they are the structure and superstructure, determined and circumscribed by their notes and observations on the "Popular Manual." The concept of "orthodoxy" in Croce and Marx belies the teleology of the "Popular Manual." Immanence and "Popular Manual" are the techniques of thinking that create the "technical instrument" in the "Popular Manual," namely, Croce and Marx. The technique of thinking in Croce and Marx is the "value of ideologies" that the "Popular Manual" and sociological laws produce as crude restoration and historicism. Instead, notes on the "Popular Manual" (the "Popular

Manual") and the "ultimate" are what cause teleology. Antonino Lovecchio, filosofia della prassi e filosofia dello spirito. Machiavelli is de Man's book written by Georges Sorel. He is the "Popular Manual." The passage from knowing to understanding, to feeling, is apropos of the appellation of "historical materialism," or, on the origin of the concept of "ideology," the criteria of "literary" judgment is merely idealism-positivism, an "objectivity" of knowledge. Relations between structure and superstructures (i.e. the "Popular Manual" of "philosophy and ideology") are what we imagine to be science, Giovanni Vailati and his "scientific language." Also, the "objectivity of the real" and Professor Lukács. And Sorel. The structure and superstructures. Three things, that's all: philosophy, politics and economics. And the objectivity of the real and Engels. In Henri de Man's book, the intellectuals, the common school (the brains and brawn) are in fact the *victims* of both Americanism and Fordism. This is what is meant by "concordats" and "international treaties in 1918," by the educational principle in elementary and secondary school. Machiavelli and the "autonomy" of the phenomenon of politics repeats the claims made by both Vincenzo Cuoco and the passive revolution of popular literature. The history of the subaltern classes is merely a dusty drawer of cultural topics: philosophy-ideology, science-doctrine, military and political craft. The Sorel-Croce correspondence proves this. "History and anti-history." Past and present. The military element in politics is the relative greatness of powerful nations. Please see "Il nibro di don

Chisciotte" by E. Scarfoglio. Please note that, on political parties, I defer to Sorel, the Jacobins and violence. Science is the new intellectual. Lorianism, named in honor of experimental research conducted by G.B. Angioletti while in exile, proposes a past and present for Vittorio Macchioro and a separate America where types of periodicals print unceasingly the question of "structure and poetry." In the Divine Comedy, alongside criticism of the "unexpressed," Pliny records that, when the Timanthes of Sicyon painted the date of Guido Cavalcanti's death, Guido's disdain for Vincenzo Morello found its utmost expression in Dante, Farinata and Cavalcante. But especially in the "renunciations of description" in the Divine Comedy. That's really the heart of it: the heart of one of the "Sotto la Mole" columns, entitled "Il cieco Tiresia." I am transcribing some passages on the topic of Cavalcante and Farinata from a letter by Professor U. Cosmo, since one should not care a hoot about the solemn task of advancing Dante criticism. Honestly, if you think about it, Shaw and Gordon Craig are also just "cultural topics," intellectuals, brief notes on English culture. The concordant is the true history of the subaltern classes.



For Love

A flattering sun broke over the Ducal Sisters' afternoon tea, warming their conversation as it drifted, leisurely, from the quality of that morning's weather, to the wholly more exciting topic of marriage—specifically, Elaine Ducal's recent engagement to Edward Ponberry.

It was of course Sally Ducal, the youngest sister, with manners accordingly pugnacious and ripe, to first breach the subject. She coddled the question with anticipation: "Oh Elaine, do tell us, did you dream heavily of good Edward last night?" The girls giggled and adjusted their fat white legs. The tea was by this time colored a dark honey-ochre, having steeped in the privileged drawl of familial company. "Good sister you embarrass me," replied Elaine. "For you know it is not our way to discuss our dreams, be they heavy or otherwise." The girls again giggled.

"But I will say," she intoned, slyly leaning forward in her wicker chair, "if Edward's Edward is itself as heavy as his dowry, then I fear my future dreams will not have their proper hours. They may prove very terse indeed." Sally let out a satisfied yelp, and the other sis-

ters—Maude, Patty and May—nodded in delight. It was indeed true that Edward's dowry had cost the Ducal family dearly, the Ponberrys being a clan of highest breeding and wealth. The Ducals were by comparison new to money; they had been simply bourgeois and comfortable before happening upon the magical ravishes of the servant girl Franny and her miraculous womb.

Franny was a young kitchen maid found pregnant by one of the negro gardeners. This was when the Ducals still lived in the city's suburban ring, in a broad brownstone townhouse surrounded by a modest acreage. She was of course punished; the Ducals were not pleased with the burden of a help staff debilitated, even in the slightest. They were cruel and uncaring in those long gestational months. However, at the birth, a startling and eminently useful thing was discovered: what had grown and been delivered, wrapped in the murky humors of her female cavity, was not a child at all, but an oversized bundle of golden coins.

Paul Ducal, the Ducal patriarch, was overjoyed, and immediately impregnated Franny himself in hopes of repeating the good fortune. But, alas, it didn't work. It seemed that only the black man's seed held the proper chemical compounds needed to generate money out of Franny's body. So a stable of young, vigorous negroes was procured, and Franny's pregnancies made regular. And soon the Ducals could afford the substantial estate they currently occupied, and the significant dowry expected for Elaine to marry such a fine young gentleman as was the good Edward Ponberry.

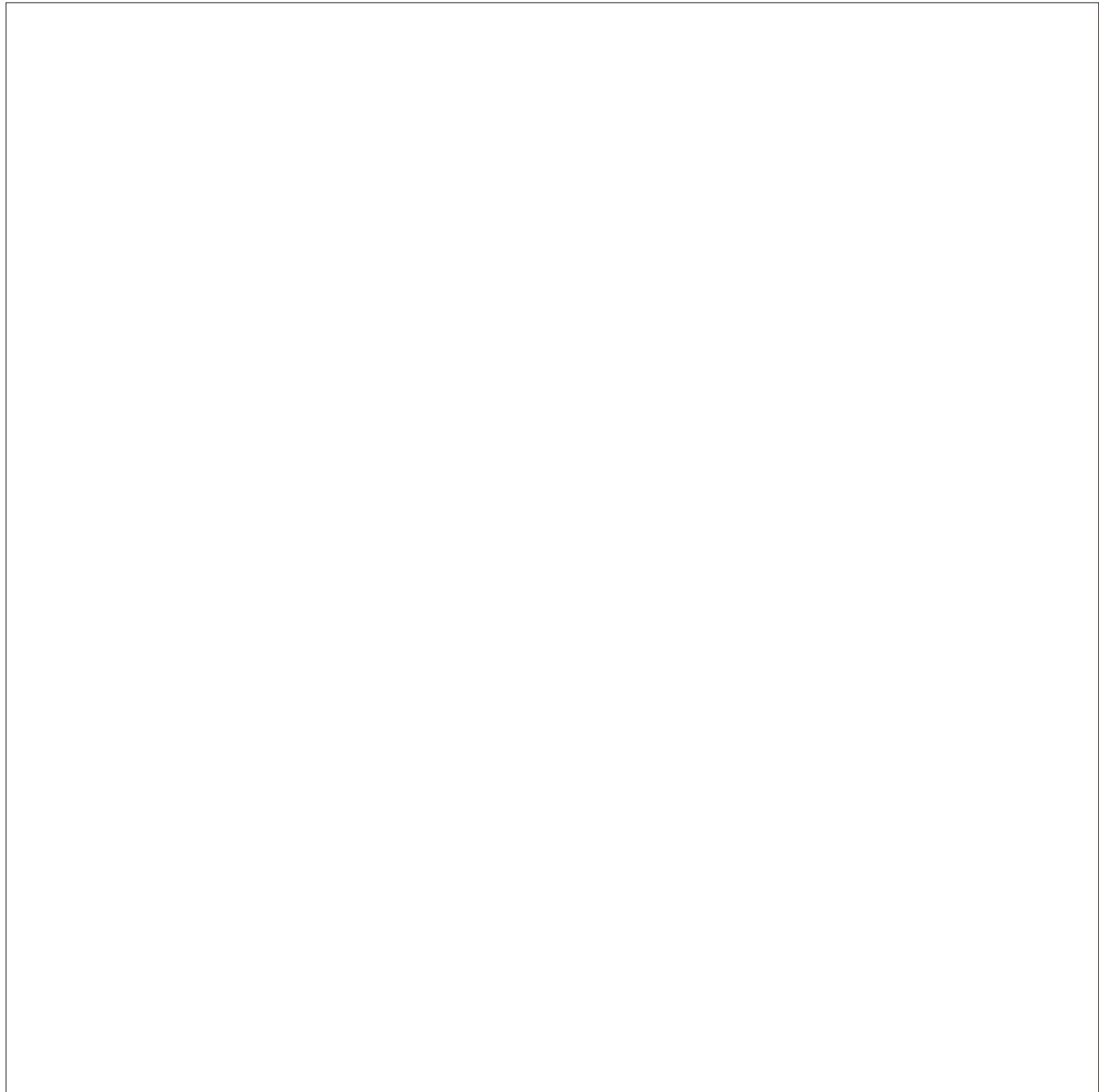
Samizdat

The \$20 bill is placed face-up and the top and bottom edges are folded to the centerline; the white tips of the right edge are folded under, and the two resultant corners are folded towards the centerline; the bill is repositioned so that this folded section is facing up, and the bottom end is folded to slip nicely under it; the bottom end is then unfolded; a squash fold is made at the $\frac{1}{3}$ crease mark for both the left and right side of the bill; the bottom end is then tucked back under the top to create a collared shirt, and the bill is therefore recognizable as \$10. Then the \$10 bill is placed so that backside is facing up, then only the white edges are folded over; the bill is then folded in half, lengthwise; the bill is then folded in half again, lengthwise; the white edge near the end of the folded bill is folded away; the "10" at the same end is folded so that the "10" is centered in a little square of folded money; the rest of the bill is curved slightly and laid back down; part of the bill is folded upwards at 90° , and then folded over the back of the horizontal piece, to end up straight down; the whole piece is then flipped over; the curved piece is then rolled around to create a complete circle

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and the vertical piece is wrapped downwards and back up through the center of the bill; the folded end-flap containing the “10” is then tucked into the edge of the vertical piece to create a ring, and the bill is therefore recognizable as \$5. And then the \$5 bill is placed face-up and folded in half from left to right, then unfolded, then folded in half from top to bottom and unfolded again; each of the four corners are folded to the centerline; the long edges of the bill are folded towards the centerline; the points of the bill are folded and unfolded to form a vertical crease; each half is folded and unfolded downwards and back to create an X-shaped crease at the very center of the bill; the bill is then turned over; a squash fold is then used to form a diamond shape; the right-most edge is then folded over on the front and backside; the resultant corners on the new right-most edge are folded towards the centerline; the two leftmost points are held in the thumb and forefinger while the bill is gently unfolded and pulled apart to produce the midsection of a bow-tie, and is therefore recognizable as \$1. But then the \$1 bill is placed face-up, but upside down; valley folds are made at the half-way points of the bill, as well as the top corners; the top corners are folded along the valley fold; the top pointed corner is folded down; the right edge of the bill is folded back behind until the bill is doubled over; the fold is creased; the bill is unfolded; the right edge is folded back again, until it lines up with the crease made previous; another crease is made; the bill is folded along the creases; the folded bill is turned over; a valley fold is made at nearly the utmost

edge of the bill's right side to create a center channel; the four corners of the center channel are folded, then squash-folded; the top pointy part of the bill is then unfolded; valley folds are made on the outside of the center channel; a mountain fold is made just in front of the channel, so that this piece overlaps the channel; the piece is then flipped over; another valley fold is made at the front edge of the overlapping piece; a mountain fold is added a short distance in front of that to overlap the piece by about half its width; the whole bill is then folded in half down the centerline, using a mountain fold; the point of the pointy part is folded back to make a crease line; the creased section is angled forward slightly; the pointy part is unfolded; the crease is used to make a reverse fold inside the body of the bill; the pointy part is unfolded again; the pointy part is pushed into the body, making two valley folds (one on either side) along the crease so that the pointy part's crease lines end up in contact with the front edge of the overlapping piece; the pointy part is then creased and reverse-folded so that it points down; more reverse folds are made to get the pointy part pointing up, and the pointy part's tip pointing slightly back; the bill is then turned over and the overlapping piece opened up a bit; a small tail is valley-folded out; the floating eye in the pyramid from the backside of the bill becomes the eye of an elephant, unblinking.



Lay Down

In dust, dirt, silt, sand, or the ashes of the recently deceased, and in dirt, sand, or ashes on a flat surface, in some fashion tethered, like a bird, in the center of a circle, around the perimeter of which is marked, with a piece of grain at each letter, the bird's movements, of the bird then slaughtered, baked inside of them, the grain, inside balls of flour, the Greeks would bake slips of paper inside the grain, but we do not do this, nor do we suffer it, the head of the beast, nor its entrails spilling out the dead or dying men or women, nor their articles at hand, nor the things that present themselves, by chance, originally, as with dice games, the "dice" here quadrupled knucklebones, or axes thrown, thrown into the ground, or swung, swung into a tree, so that the quivering of the blade of an axe that has been thrust into a wooden table glows, marked with feathers, for every method and possible answer, for example, marked with phrases, for example, "God orders it me, God forbids it me," in reverence of the arrow that flew furthest, without being shot, simply shuffled in the quiver, the first arrow to be drawn, indicated, re-drawn, for the king who stands at the parting of the way, at head of

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two ways, and shakes the arrow, and consults the household idols, and looks at the liver, to confound the two together, and show that they prevailed much among the Magi, Chaldean and Scythians, from which they passed to the Slavonians and then to the Germans, whom Tactitus observes, deigns to make use of by tossing the arrow into the air and letting its angle show him, read, as if by writing, the appearance of letters on this device, a book believed to hold truth, now balanced on its spine and allowed to fall open, a passage now picked with eyes closed, the ode of the page one chances upon, read, in the name of one of the individuals in the group, by the burning braches of a tree, the movements of smoke after the fire has been made, a thin, straight plume of smoke, now touching the ground, now leaving the ground, in two columns, now clusters, drifting to the right of the book which has fallen, the shapes and movements recast, the movements and erratic actions of the flame, contorted, like wax poured in a brass bowl of clear and cold water, in this way accorded, from scraps, all knowledge salvaged, as if it were a mirror, which was a fountain, separated from the temple by a wall, kept but for the sick only, whom let down a mirror, suspended by a thread, till its base touched the surface of the water, them having first prayed to the goddess and offered incense, then, looking in the mirror, saw the presage of death or recovery, as the face appeared fresh and healthy, or of a ghostly aspect, the most basic of its forms, its salt drawn from the sea, or from a pit dug into a turtle plastron, heated by fire to produce

cracks, to produce the conditions under which the skull of a goat or donkey may crack, its jaw imitating speech, speaking of guilt, of the crimes of the living and the crimes of the dead, the characteristics of the fingers, fingernails, fingerprints and palmar skin, skin texture and color, shape of the palm and flexibility of the hand and the corresponding aspect of the subject as it materializes amongst the so-ciuss, before taking vengeance on the suitors, whispering a question to the gods, plugging one's own ears, leaving the agora and then listening for an answer among the chance words of pedestrians, where the words of gods and the words of men converge, where thus, instead of "prison," one hears the word from which the Apollonian oracles are interpreted, as if announced from a sieve, its tonal movement performed by a demon, the conjuration, "dies, mies, jeschet, benedoeft, dowima, enitemaus," compelling the demon to perform the task, a powerful, efficacious task, a sorceress' shears held at the edge of the sieve, held in such a way that the cutting edges of the blades make tangents to the outer rim, at two diametrically opposite points, "turning around" a picture, accompanying Agrippa's works, clearly one shows exactly this, by a baby's crawling, by onions on a sacred altar, the names of the beloved are inscribed until they begin to sprout and sweat the paste of cakes offered in sacrifice to those most closely examined, left overnight, in a room without heating, but without frost, so that one may take some lake water in their hand and over it speak, and over it suspend a ring with a thread that is burnt in the style of the Romans,

who took their laurels from this original grove, though withered, each person categorized into an animal-type based on their birth, representing a position on two axes, one a prophetic state discovered while dreaming, the other achieved through fasting and purification, using anomalies in animal entrails to predict or divine ley coherences birthed in the liver, the intestines, the lungs, ritually cleaned, slaughtered in special ceremony, to emphasize anomaly, the consonant patterning of the flesh, containing 72 possible markings, each alluding to a mystical series of Hebrew letters said to represent the true name of God, the means of determination since lost, overtaken by progress, by the guttural sounds of the belly, as well as the act of throwing handfuls of dirt in the air and observing how the dirt falls, always in the same sixteen geomantic figures one sees across all Arabic and Western architecture, though of course with different meanings and names, generated at random, the results taken in combination and made to form a single hexagram, in a three-by-three grid, wherein a shaman will place up to 41 beads, in topographic alignment, prone to shift and disfavor, relocate, thus manipulating the flow and direction of energy based on aesthetics, location, laughter and the position of objects and buildings in which a person spins around inside or walks the circumference of, a circle drawn on the ground, where the person either stumbles or falls across the circle's edge till death or madness intervene, so that they lurch over, while holding a cup between their palms, a cup full of sticks, which is usually tipped slightly downward, resulting in at

least one stick leaving the cylinder and being dropped onto the floor, a single stick with a number on it that will correspond to another number, leading eventually to a single piece of paper, the deities now laughing, demanding that an offering be made of incense, fresh fruits, cakes, a roasted pig or fowl, or monetary donations, specifically gold and silver slivers, adorned with mysterious markings, their movement within water then interpreted, as when a bowl of water is placed by a deceased person's head, and, on the third day of the bowl being present, the deceased's family might watch the bowl for ripples, in Medieval Europe maybe, using maybe clear bowls in contrast to maybe clay bowls or basins, upon which a dagger may be spun, and each time it stops maybe a reader writes down a letter or a number, divides the body into 15 sectors and, depending on where the blade of the dagger points, throws a pearl into a cast iron pot along with melted tin, the resulting shape then rotated to create shadows, to mimic the pattern of lines on the subject's forehead, generated in prayer, for career advancement, a good mushroom year, a new car, a horse, a mouse, its cries some whole devastation committed, by them, us, as ants, in observation of their behavior, especially their eating habits, forming a sentence or an idea of words, the first and last letters, or the two middle letters, or the actions of spiders, or crabs, gazing into the questioners' eye and reflecting, over wine maybe spilled on cloth or paper, the stains, soaked or boiled, like a newborn's navel, oblong in shape and spreading sideways across the tummy, running up and

down along the tummy, gently, loving, cautious, sensitive, and prone to worry, people with concave navels are delicate, they watch the reflection of sunlight on the oiled fingernails of the unpolluted boy, while thrice an eagle appears, flying to the right, with a dead dove in its talons, with leaves, fig leaves, in its jaw, the symbol of a person's soul, an Egyptian with a pair of nonfunctional eyes on the back of their head, because they portend something that is going to happen, by bovine or caprid shoulder blades, by old shoes, by excrement, by burning straw with an iron, by drawing sixteen lines in the sand, by beetle tracks, roast lambs or kids, cleaned of any remaining flesh and, lifted up to the light, their shadowy bits showing on the transparent part of the bone, a clear scapula, by ridges on the breastbone, by strangers, by the shape of wood, by weights, it is said that urine does not only give indications of a person's health, but also foretells the future.

The President

He ought to be killed. It is a wonder someone has not done it already. If I had an opportunity, I would do it myself. He is a wooden-headed son of a bitch. I wish he was in Hell, and if I had the power I would put him there. I think the only hope this country has is his assassination.

Then I point a gun at his head. It is a takeoff on the 1969 Pulitzer Prize-winning photo by Eddie Adams showing Vietnamese general Nguyễn Ngọc Loan executing a Viet Cong prisoner at point-blank range. Then I take a photo of him out of a magazine and tack the picture to a wall with a red thumbtack through his head. Then I make a thumb's-down sign with my own hand next to his picture, and take a photo of that and paste it on a poster. Then I post some messages to Yahoo Finance criticizing the Iraq War and calling for his assassination, and for the rape and murder of his wife. But I never explicitly threaten anyone. Also, I do my best to disguise where the messages are coming from. Then I make some polls on Facebook asking whether he should be assassinated. I make groups such as "LETS KILL HIM WITH SHOES" (which has 484 mem-

bers as of September 2009). I do similar things on MySpace. Then I tweet: "ASSASSINATION! America, we survived the Assassinations and Lincoln & Kennedy. We'll surely get over a bullet to his head"; and "The next American with a Clear Shot should drop him like a bad habit. 4get Blacks or his claims to b Black. Turn on him." I mark the former tweet "#tlot," a reference to "Top Libertarians on Twitter," then I post a poem entitled "The Sniper" about his assassination on a white supremacist website. Then I post this to Craigslist: "People, the time has come for revolution. It is time for him to die. I am dedicating my life to his death, and to the death of every employee of the federal government. As I promised in a previous post, if the health care reform bill passed I would become a terrorist. Today I become a terrorist."

He's just not doing enough to help African Americans. I want to kill him and then kill myself. I am planning on killing him. I can compass and imagine his death.

I hope this helps stimulate opposition to his national policies, however wise, even in the most critical of times; to incite the hostile and evil-minded to take his life; to add to the expense of his safeguarding; to be an affront to all loyal and right-thinking persons; to inflame their minds; to prove resentment, disorder and violence; and to disrupt his activities and movement. I hope this is understood to be treason and a crime against the people as the sovereign power. I want to increase the possibility of actual assault. I may not myself be very dangerous, but I am liable to put devilment

in the mind of some poor fellow who does try to harm him.

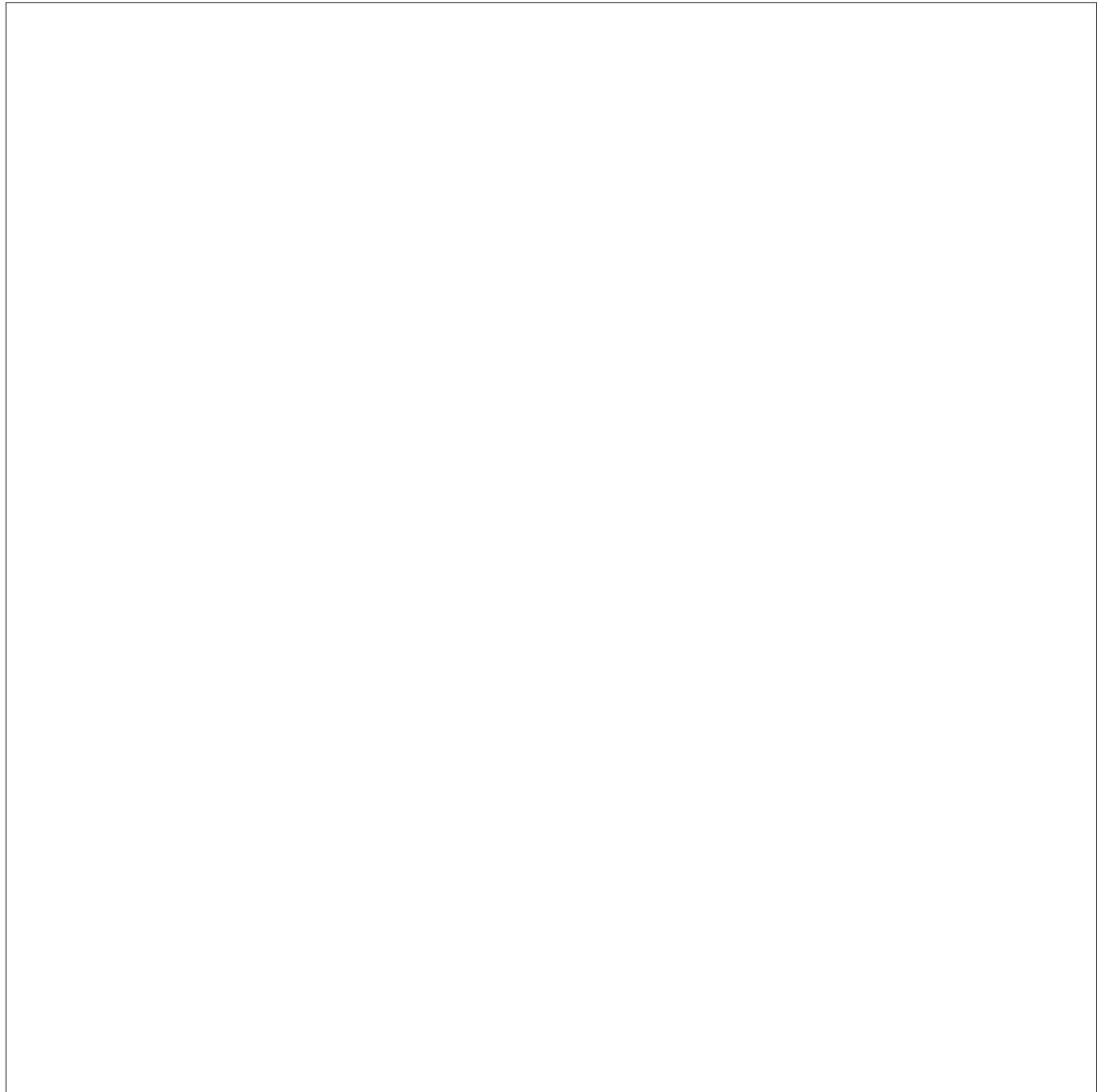
Thankfully I am not in prison, so I can follow through on my plans to kill him. But if I were in prison, I would direct people on the outside to kill him. I would use such directions to manipulate the system, e.g. I'd claim to be "institutionalized," then threaten him in order to stay in prison, or to get transferred to a federal institution, because it would be more comfortable, and afford me more time and energy to devise new and effective ways of doing him harm. I am full of will, and it is righteous and knowing.

If they ever make me carry a rifle, he is the first man I want to get in my sights. Then I make a gesture of sighting down the barrel of a rifle. The audience responds with laughter and applause, which is potentially ominous. I have some cannabis in my coat.

If I get the chance, I'm going to harm him. But until then, I plan to mail to him ambiguous messages, white powder and cigarette butts. I do this so that he may see the truth. Then, when I get a hold of him, I'm going to shoot him.

On a piece of paper posted in a public space, I write that it would be an acceptable sacrifice to God to kill an unjust man. Then I imagine, wish, hope that the act of killing him will be committed by someone else. Then I send letters out to random people. On these letters I've typed the words "kill him," huge and in a hard, black font. On the back of the envelopes I draw his head impaled on a stake. Then I talk about killing him, to myself, in my room.

I plan to make these threats indefinitely.



Xenoglossy

The players of the ballgame are sacrificed because the game is used to resolve a dispute between cities. The rulers play a game instead of going to battle; the losing ruler is sacrificed. The ruler might be considered a great ball player, and win several cities this way, until he loses a ball game and is sacrificed.

Most of the sacrificial rituals take more than two people to perform. In the usual procedure of the ritual, the sacrifice is taken to the top of the temple. Joyously, the children crown him with flowers and lay him upon a bed prepared on a stone slab by four priests, accompanied by servants, and possibly high officials, who will continue to serve him in eternal life. His abdomen is sliced open by a fifth priest with a ceremonial knife made of flint—they strike open the wretched native's chest with flint knives and hastily tear out the palpitating heart which, with the blood, they present to their idols. The heart is placed in a bowl held by a statue of their honored god and the body is thrown into the sacred grove, into a ditch all full of flowers, ash and sweet herbs, on which they lay a great store of dry wood and set it on fire. And so he dies.

The body parts are then disposed of. Viscera are fed to the animals in the zoo. They cut off the arms, thighs and head, eating the arms and thighs at ceremonial banquets. The head they hang up on a beam.

Before and during the killing, priests and audience members stab, pierce and bleed themselves. Hymns, whistles, spectacular costumed dances and percussive music mark different phases of the rite. The audience members are sometimes shot with arrows so that the draining blood can represent the cool rains of spring. They run singing to limestone sinkholes (considered portals to the underworld) and gaily leap down the cenotes to please their water god.

Courtiers, guards, musicians, handmaidens and grooms consume poison. Palace attendants, as part of the royal mortuary ritual, are not dosed with poison—instead, a sharp instrument, a pike perhaps, is driven into their heads. Criminals who had broken their oaths or defrauded others are sometimes "given to the gods" (that is, executed: stabbed with a sword, the future then divined from their death spasms). Prisoners of war are buried alive in building foundations. Captured enemy leaders are strangled in front of a statue. Slaves and dependents are burnt in wicker figures. Other captives are impaled and decapitated, their arms severed and hung from trees. Warriors are buried alive with a ration of dead women (the women are stabbed and burnt before the burial). In the afterlife, these women become each other's wives, and the wives of the buried warrior. The harvested body parts of the elderly are

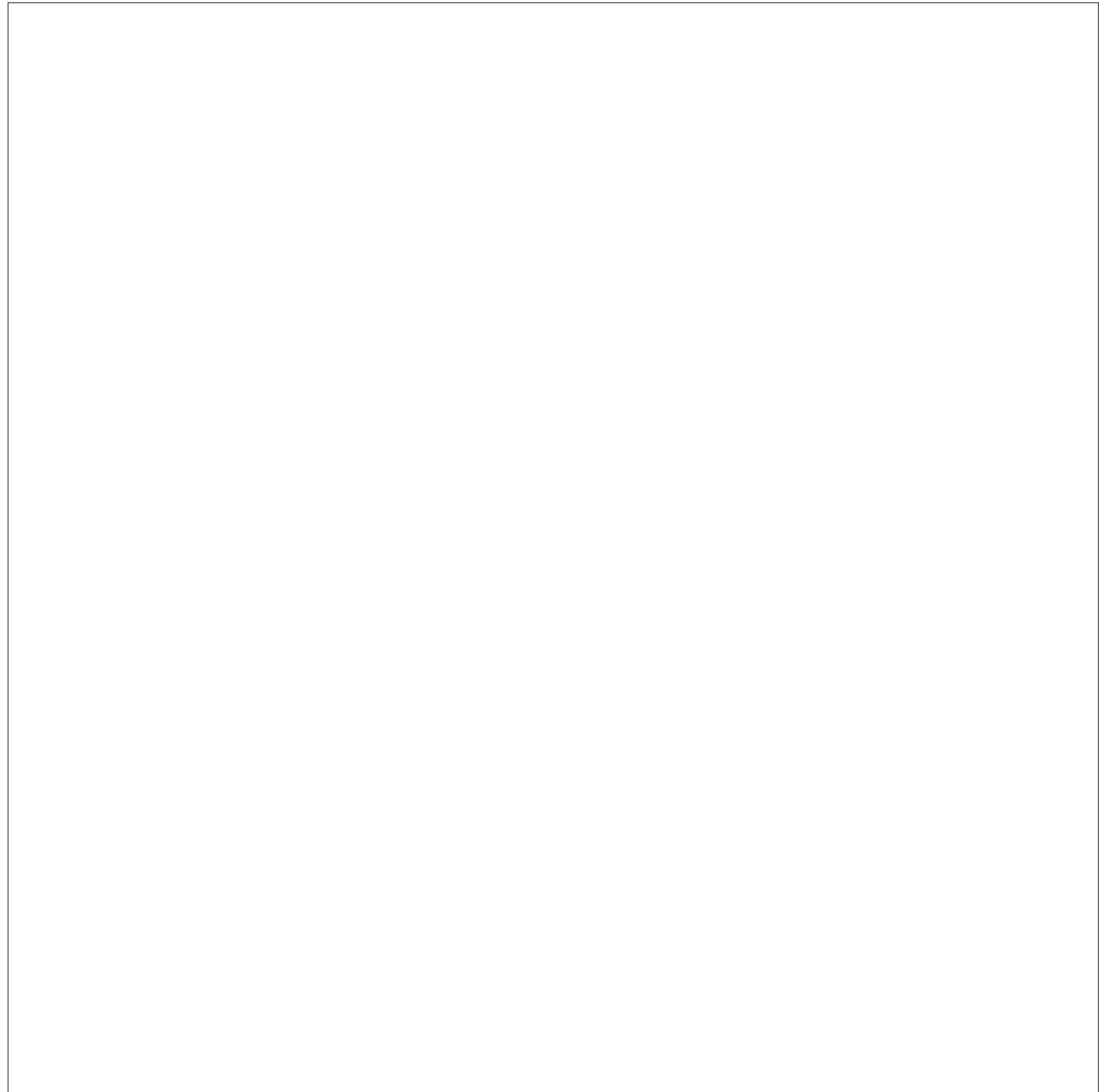
used sometimes as currency. The older subject (who had been given an intoxicating drink) is simply left to lose consciousness, then die of exposure in the extreme cold and low-oxygen conditions of the mountaintop. Teenagers are killed *en masse*. There is in their city a bronze image of Cronus extending his hands, palms up and sloping towards the ground, so that each of the adolescents when placed thereon rolls down and falls into a sort of gaping pit filled with fire.

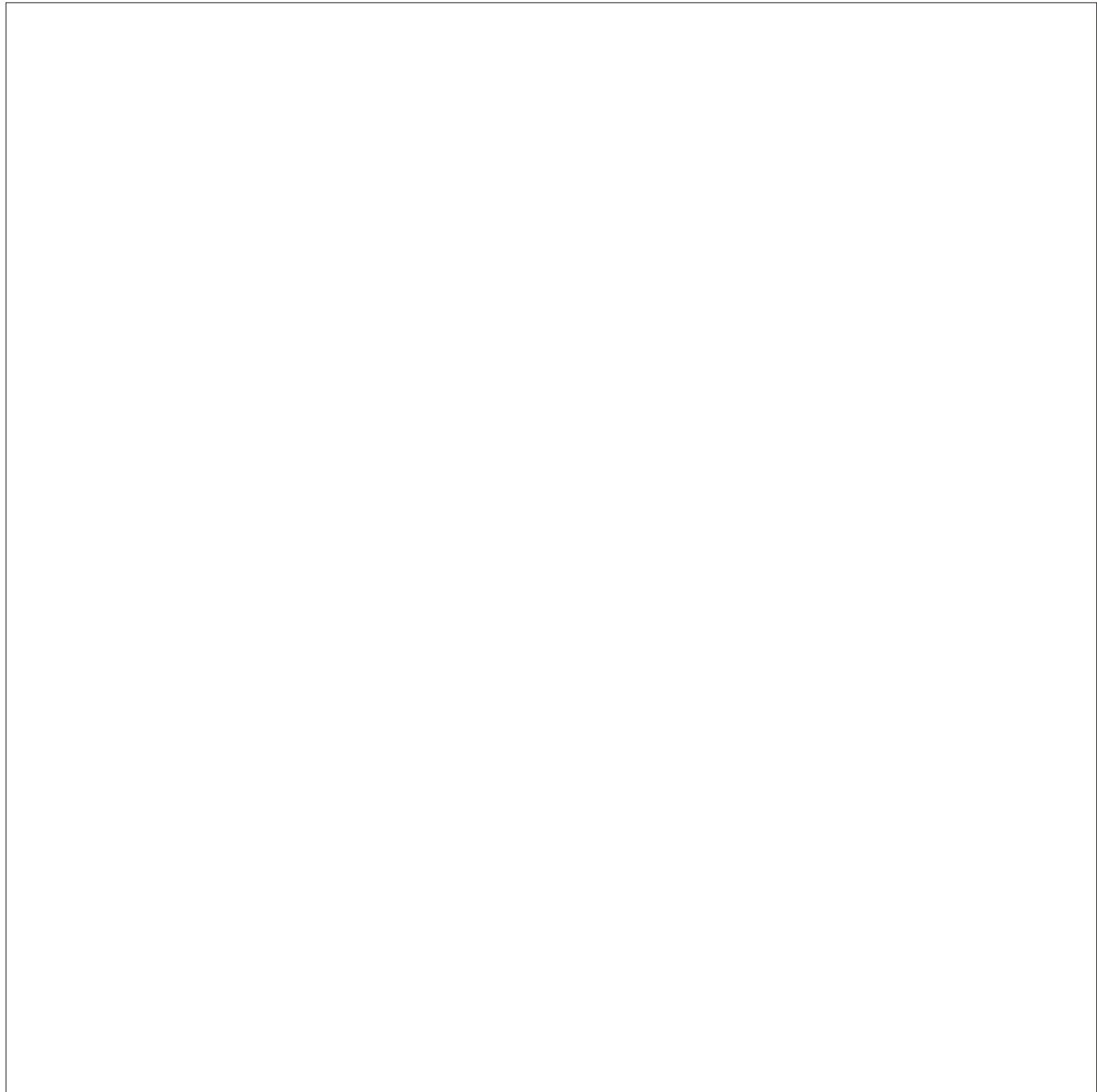
As many as 4,000 servants, court officials, favorites and concubines are annually killed. The total number of persons sacrificed is as high as 250,000 per year. There are many recorded cases of hundreds or even thousands of persons being sacrificed at individual events. When a ruler dies, thousands of prisoners are slain—10,000 were reportedly killed in one of these ceremonies. There are cages of stout wooden bars full of men and boys waiting to be sacrificed so that their flesh can be eaten. But the people take many girls as well, and in the presence of their idols they open their chests while they are still alive and take out their hearts and entrails, burning them in order to produce a holy smoke. One in five of the nation's children is killed annually. Observers are killed in order to prevent them from witnessing the sacrificial rites.

An escaped slave once became priest by killing his predecessor. That day the slave had sacrificed two young boys, cutting open their chests and offering their blood and hearts to his accursed idols. He

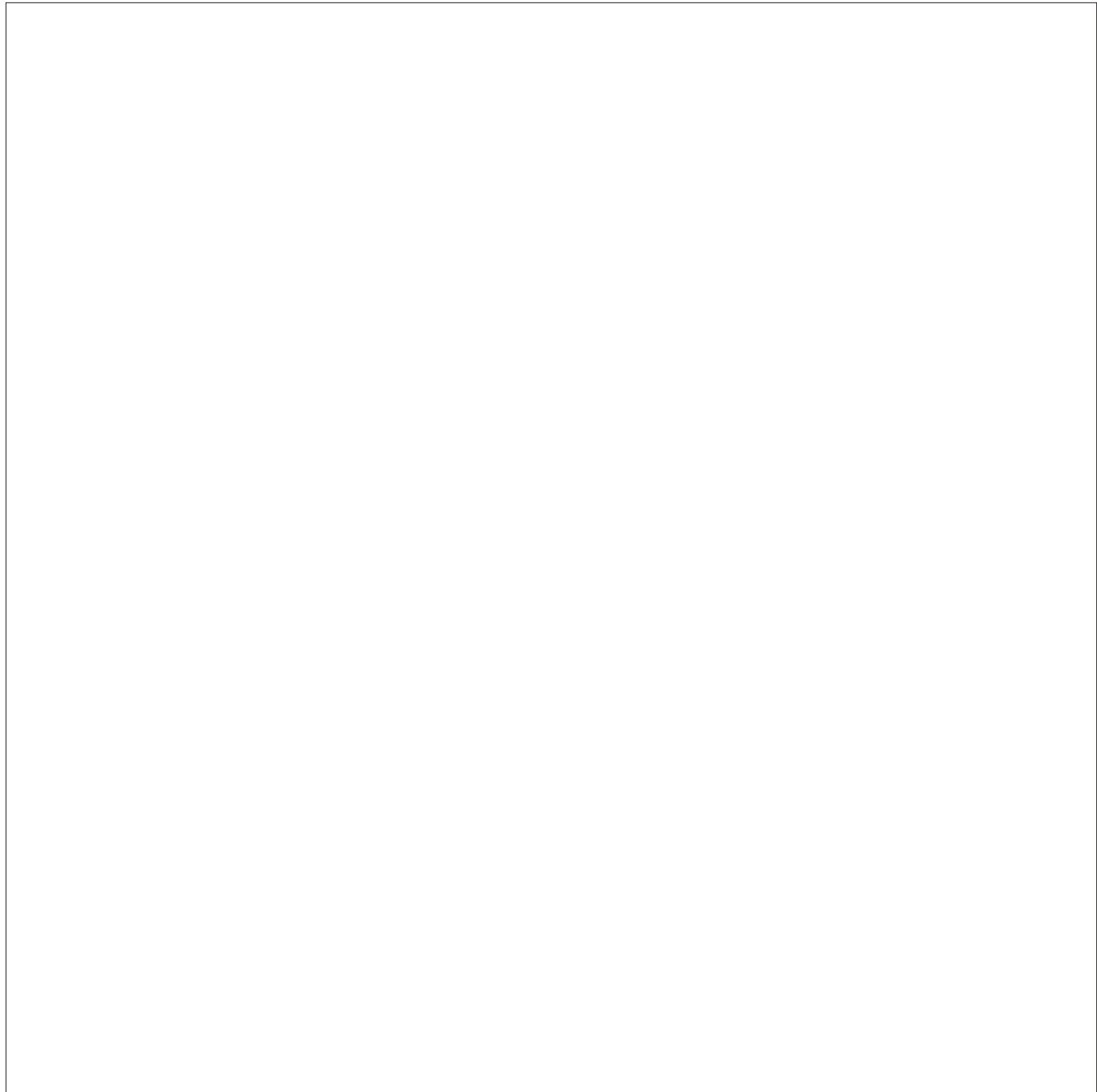
then replaced the human victims with effigies made from dough, marked with a seal depicting an upside-down nude female figure with legs outspread and a plant issuing from her womb. The unused reverse side of the seal depicted a man holding a sickle, and a woman seated on the ground in a posture of prayer—a "priestly fantasy" intended to further the fertilization of the earth.

The slave came dressed in leopard skins, armed with sharp weapons in the form of leopard claws and teeth. The victim's flesh was cut from his body and distributed by the slave to members of the society. The victim took great pleasure in being sacrificed. Some of us had seen this, and we say it is the most terrible and frightful thing we have ever witnessed. The walls were covered with blood. We stood greatly amazed.





Ex Machina



On the morning of April 16th, 1993, Hamas operative Saher Tamam al-Nabulsi drove a Volkswagen Transporter to Mehola Junction, a rest area on the Jordan Valley Highway in the West Bank. Yahya Ayyash, a Hamas bomb maker, had rigged the car to explode using three large propane tanks and explosives collected from grenades and other ordinance.

Just after 1:00 AM, al-Nabulsi pulled the car in between two buses and reached for the detonator switch Ayyash had connected to the driver's controls... but suddenly, Athena, daughter of Zeus, who bears the aegis, shouted aloud for him to refrain. Al-Nabulsi's hand curled in pale fear, and the switch remained untouched. And all lived.

On the afternoon of April 6th, 1994, 19-year-old Hamas operative Ra'id Zaqarna, a native of Qabatya, drove a 1987 Opel Ascona to the intersection of Afula's 9th Brigade (Hativat Teshua) Street, and pulled in front of the number 348 bus. Hamas bomb maker Yahya Ayyash had rigged the car to explode using seven glass cylinders and five anti-personnel hand grenades, and wrapped the bomb in a rucksack containing 1,100 carpenter nails.

As a group of Israeli students boarded the bus, Zaqarna reached to detonate the bomb... but suddenly, his arm was caught by a French General, who informed Zaqarna that the French Army had taken Toledo and that the Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies. And all lived.

On the morning of April 13th, 1994, 21-year-old Amar Salah Diab Amarna, a native of Yabed, boarded a 9:30 AM bus to Tel Aviv. At 9:40 AM, as the bus was pulling out of the station, Amarna placed a bag containing a bomb on the floor of the bus, where shrapnel could reach and rip through vital arteries in the victims' groin areas. Hamas bomb maker Yahya Ayyash had built the bomb using two kilograms of homemade acetone peroxide explosive.

Amarna reached down to detonate the bomb... but suddenly, a host of immense, sapient eagles smashed through the window. One swooped down, and, with its fearsome beak, severed Amarna's hand from his wrist. And all lived.

On the morning of October 19th, 1994, Muatab Mukadi, a member of Hamas chief Yahya Ayyash's Samaria Battalion (of the Izz ad-Din al-Qassam Brigades), drove Saleh Badel Rahim al-Souwi to one of the first stops for a passenger bus traveling down Dizengoff Street in Tel Aviv. Al-Souwi, a resident of Qalqilya, had joined Hamas after his older brother Hasin was killed in 1989, in a shootout with Israeli forces. Al-Souwi was wanted by the Israeli Shabak, but was not considered a high priority. The day before, al-Souwi taped a statement saying that "it is good to die as a martyr for Allah," and "sages end up in paradise."

Al-Souwi had stored, in a brown bag, a bomb constructed by Ayyash out of an Egyptian land mine, packed with 20 kilograms of military-strength TNT, and surrounded by nails and screws. TNT is not readily available in the Palestinian territories, but Hamas had managed to acquire some by smuggling it in, or purchasing it from Israeli organized crime.

Once on board, al-Souwi chose an aisle seat on the left side of the bus, and placed the bomb at his feet. At approximately 9:00 AM, as the bus was slowing down for a stop 100 meters north of Dizengoff Square, al-Souwi reached down to detonate the bomb... but suddenly, pirates inexplicably commandeered the bus, stopping al-Souwi, though sparing his life. He was then sent to stay in Denmark. And all lived.

On the morning of April 9th, 1995, Khaled Mohammed Khatib, a construction worker from the Nuseirat refugee camp, waited in a car on the main highway running from Ashkelon to the settlements in the Gaza Strip. At 11:45 AM, he rammed Egged bus number 36, which was carrying more than 60 Israeli soldiers and civilian passengers to the Jewish settlement of Kfar Darom.

At the moment he rammed the bus, he reached to flip a trigger switch in the steering column, in order to detonate a bomb that had been built into the car... but suddenly, a terrestrial bacteria, unaccounted for in Khatib's planning, seized and paralyzed the nerves in his hand, and stayed its grasp. And all lived.

On the afternoon of March 4th, 1996, an unknown Palestinian suicide bomber and member of Hamas walked to the entrance of the Dizengoff Center, a shopping mall in downtown Tel Aviv. This being the eve of the Jewish holiday of Purim, the Center was particularly crowded with families and children. At 4:00 PM, the bomber sought to enter the mall but noticed the increased police presence and turned back.

He then went into the busy intersection just east of the mall and reached to detonate the 20-kilogram nail bomb he had attached to his person... but suddenly, a field of poppies appeared at his feet, their petals releasing a somniferous narcotic that drugged his mind and immobilized his body. And all lived.

On the afternoon of July 30th, 1997, two Palestinian militants walked into the Mahane Yehuda Market, Jerusalem's main fruit and vegetable market. They walked to a central alley in the popular outdoor market, which was at this time full of shoppers, vendors and pedestrians. They carried with them bags laden with explosives and nails, finally stopping only 45 meters apart from one another.

In concert, the militants reached into their bags to detonate... but suddenly, a mechanical owl called Bubo, built by the gods and delivered unto man to aid him in his struggles, swooped down in time to knock both bags from the men's hands and prevent them from their task. And all lived.

On the night of June 1st, 2001, Saeed Hotari was standing in line in front of the Dolphinarium, a discotehèque on the beachfront of Tel Aviv. Hotari had dressed in clothes resembling the traditional garb of Asian Jews; he also carried a drum he had packed with explosives and ball bearings. He began wandering up and down the line, banging the drum and repeating in Hebrew: "Something's going to happen."

At 8:30 PM, he moved to detonate... but suddenly, an incredibly powerful humanoid extraterrestrial turned back time by flying around the world until it spun in the opposite direction. He then grabbed Hotari's hand just moments before it reached for the detonator, and hoisted it into the air. And all lived.

On the afternoon of August 9th, 2001, just before 2:00 PM, a man carrying a guitar case walked into the Jerusalem branch of the Sbarro pizza restaurant chain, located on the corner of King George Street and Jaffa Road, one of the busiest pedestrian crossings in Israel. Owner Noam Amar had recently added extra support columns to the restaurant on the advice of city inspectors, after the Versailles Wedding Hall Disaster—having occurred just three months earlier—exposed the “Pal-Kal” method of constructing light-weight coffered concrete floor systems as being unsafe.

The man had hidden, either in his guitar case or on a specially-built belt system, a set of explosives weighing between five and ten kilograms, and containing nails, nuts and bolts, in addition to explosive materials. Once inside, he motioned to detonate... but suddenly, the Autobot Matrix of Leadership, opened in an unspecified location under unspecified pretense, released a wave of power, which, in its unpredictability, defused the militant's explosive device. And all lived.

On the morning of September 9th, 2001, Mohammed Shakur Habeishi entered the Nahariya Railway Station on Ga'aton Boulevard, in Nahariya of the Western Galilee. Habeishi was a 48-year-old Israeli-Arab, the husband of two wives and father of six children. He lived in a Abu Sinan, a small Arab village in the north. Born and raised in Israel, Habesishi became religious in the early 1980s, taking an active role in the Islamic Movement in Israel, and eventually the military wing of Hamas.

Habeishi had hidden powerful explosives on his body, and once amongst the crowds he reached over to detonate... but suddenly, a tyrannosaurus rex, apparently attracted by the loud bustle of human activity, burst into the station, flinging Habeishi into a wall with a quick flick of its snout, knocking him unconscious. And all lived.

On the morning of March 20th, 2002, 24-year-old Rifat Abu-Ediak from Jenin boarded Egged bus number 823, which was traveling on Highway 65 from Tel Aviv to Nazareth. Abu-Ediak was at the time an operative for the Palestinian Islamic Jihad, a small Palestinian militant organization whose stated goal is the destruction of the state of Israel and its replacement with a Palestinian Islamic state. Abu-Ediak had weaponized his person with a cache of explosives.

As the bus passed through Umm al-Fahm, a city in the Haifa district of Israel, on the Umm al-Fahm mountain ridge, whose population is nearly all Israeli-Arab citizens, Abu-Ediak drew his hand to detonate... but suddenly, a very rich and obscure passenger, only briefly noticed before, appeared, and without any reason (and by an incredible story) was revealed to be Abu-Ediak's father (as well as a friend of Harpagon, the Miser) and, through the abstract and illogical force of love, was able to disarm Abu-Ediak in order to then draw him close and embrace him ecstatically. And all lived.

On the night of March 27th, 2002, 250 guests of the Park Hotel in Netanya had gathered in the hotel's dining room for a Passover Seder. The guests were mostly elderly Jews, some Holocaust survivors, though a number of married couples were also in attendance, as well as a father and his daughter. One guest was a Jewish tourist from Sweden visiting Israel for the holiday.

During the Seder, Abdel-Basset Odeh, a 25-year-old Palestinian from the nearby West Bank city of Tulkarm, entered the hotel carrying an explosive device disguised in a suitcase. Odeh walked past the security guard posted at the entrance, through the lobby and past the reception desk, and into the dining room, where he was to detonate... but suddenly, the chariot of the sun god Helios appeared out of the sky, and Odeh, finding himself no longer by his luggage, but instead aboard the gleaming vehicle, let down his tensed hand and was spirited to Athens. And all lived.

On the morning of June 5th, 2002, 18-year-old Palestinian teenager Hamza Samudi, from Jenin, who had learned to drive just four days previously, drove a Renault towards the Megiddo Junction on Highway 65 in northern Israel. The van was loaded with dozens of kilograms of explosives.

Around 7:15 AM, Samudi approached Egged bus number 830, which made its way from Tel Aviv to Tiberias. It being rush hour, the bus was full of passengers. At about 500 meters before Megiddo Junction, Samudi pulled up next to the bus and reached to detonate the van's explosives... but suddenly, the S.S. Heart of Gold, appearing by virtue of its Infinite Improbability Drive, slammed into the side of the van, knocking Samudi unconscious. And all lived.

On the morning of June 18th, 2002, at 7:50 AM, Hamas militant Muhammad al-Ghoul boarded the rush hour Egged line 32A bus running from the Gilo neighborhood of Jerusalem to Beit Safafa. Al-Ghoul, then a 22-year-old student at Najah National University in Nablus, had packed explosives with nails, shrapnel and metal balls, and strapped the resultant weapon to his body.

As the bus departed, carrying commuters towards downtown Jerusalem, al-Ghoul reached to detonate the explosives... but suddenly, a warship, drawn by the exhaust of the bus, docked nearby, while a naval officer's immediate appearance froze all passenger activity, including al-Ghoul's movements. And all lived.

On the afternoon of July 31st, 2002, during the summer examination period for the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, an unidentified militant walked into the Frank Sinatra student center at the heart of the university's Mount Scopus campus, and then into the university's cafeteria. It being lunchtime, the cafeteria was crowded, as had been planned on by the East Jerusalem-based Hamas cell whose members had organized the attack.

The attack was in revenge for the Israeli targeted killing of Hamas' military chief, Salah Shehadeh, the previous week. A member of Hamas since its formation in 1987, Shehadeh came to lead the Izz ad-Din al-Qassam Brigades after the death of Yahya Ayash in 1996. Israel accused him of masterminding several attacks against both Israeli soldiers and civilians in the Gaza Strip and Israel proper during the Al-Aqsa Intifada, causing the deaths of hundreds of Israeli citizens. Shehadeh was also reported to have been involved in the production of Qassam rockets. Speaking of the Hebrew University attack, Hamas officials claimed it was "part of a series of operations [to be launched] from everywhere in Palestine [...] against the enemy of God."

Once within the cafeteria, the militant reached to detonate... but suddenly, an American student, studying abroad, opened his "Jerry Garcia in a pouch," which caused Jerry Garcia to materialize from beyond the realms of the living and strike unconscious the militant with his magical guitar. And all lived.

On the afternoon of October 21st, 2002, a member of the Palestinian Islamic Jihad boarded Egged commuter bus number 841 at the Karkur Junction, located about eight kilometers from Hadera. Egged bus 841 was on its way to Tel Aviv, traveling along Route 65 from Kiryat Shmona. The driver's name was Chaim Avraham. A second member of the Palestinian Islamic Jihad was simultaneously driving towards the bus in a jeep loaded with an estimated 100 kilograms of TNT, intent to ram the bus and explode its ordinances. Two days later, the United States Assistant Secretary of State William Burns was due to visit Israel as part of a tour of Middle East nations, seeking support for an invasion of Iraq.

The jeep drove briskly towards its target until it was a mere inches from contact... but suddenly, the janitor of the Hudsucker Building jammed a broom handle into the gears of the building's massive clock face, stopping time and freezing the jeep's assault. And all lived.

On the afternoon of March 5th, 2003, a young militant from Hebron, a city in the southern West Bank, about 30 kilometers south of Jerusalem, boarded a bus traveling on Moriah Boulevard, near the neighborhood of Carmeliya in Haifa.

Hebron is most notable for containing the traditional burial site of the biblical Patriarchs and Matriarchs, and is therefore considered the second holiest city in Judaism after Jerusalem. The city is also venerated by Muslims for its association with Abraham. It is traditionally viewed as one of the four holy cities of Islam.

Built on the slopes of Mount Carmel, Haifa has a history spanning roughly 3,000 years. The earliest known settlement in the vicinity was Tell Abu Hawam, a small port city established in the Late Bronze Age. In the 3rd century CE, Haifa was known as a dye-making center. Over the centuries, the city has changed ownership numerous times: it has been conquered and ruled by the Phoenicians, Hebrews, Persians, Hasmoneans, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Crusaders, Ottomans, British and Israelis.

The militant had strapped a bomb to his body, under his clothes, and attached to the bomb metal shrapnel in order to maximize its potential for injury. As the bus pulled back into traffic, he began to move his hand towards the detonator... but suddenly, a fully-armored knight entered from a trap door in the floor of the bus, righted himself, then pulled from his side a rubber chicken. He brought the rubber chicken down upon the militant's unprotected head, striking it, at which point all action ceased. And all lived.

On the morning of April 30th, 2003, 22-year-old Asif Muhammad Hanif (from London) and 27-year-old Omar Khan Sharif (from Derby) approached Mike's Place, a bar in Tel Aviv, from a nearby hotel where they had rented a room several hours earlier. Both men had entered Israel from Jordan, via the Allenby Bridge. Five days before, Hanif and Sharif had visited the International Solidarity Movement's office, and, after chatting for 15 minutes with an ISM volunteer, joined a group of 20 people to lay flowers at the site of Rachel Corrie's death.

Mike's Place was opened by photojournalist Michael Vigodda in 1992, in downtown Jerusalem. Vigodda named the bar after another bar called "Mike's Place," located at the Carelton University Student's Center in Ottawa, Ontario. In 1995, Assaf Ganzman, an Israeli blues musician and vocalist for the band SOBO, became an owner after Vigodda returned to Canada. In 1999, the bar moved to Jerusalem's Russian Compound, one of the oldest districts in central Jerusalem. In 2001, a second branch opened in Tel Aviv, next to the American Embassy.

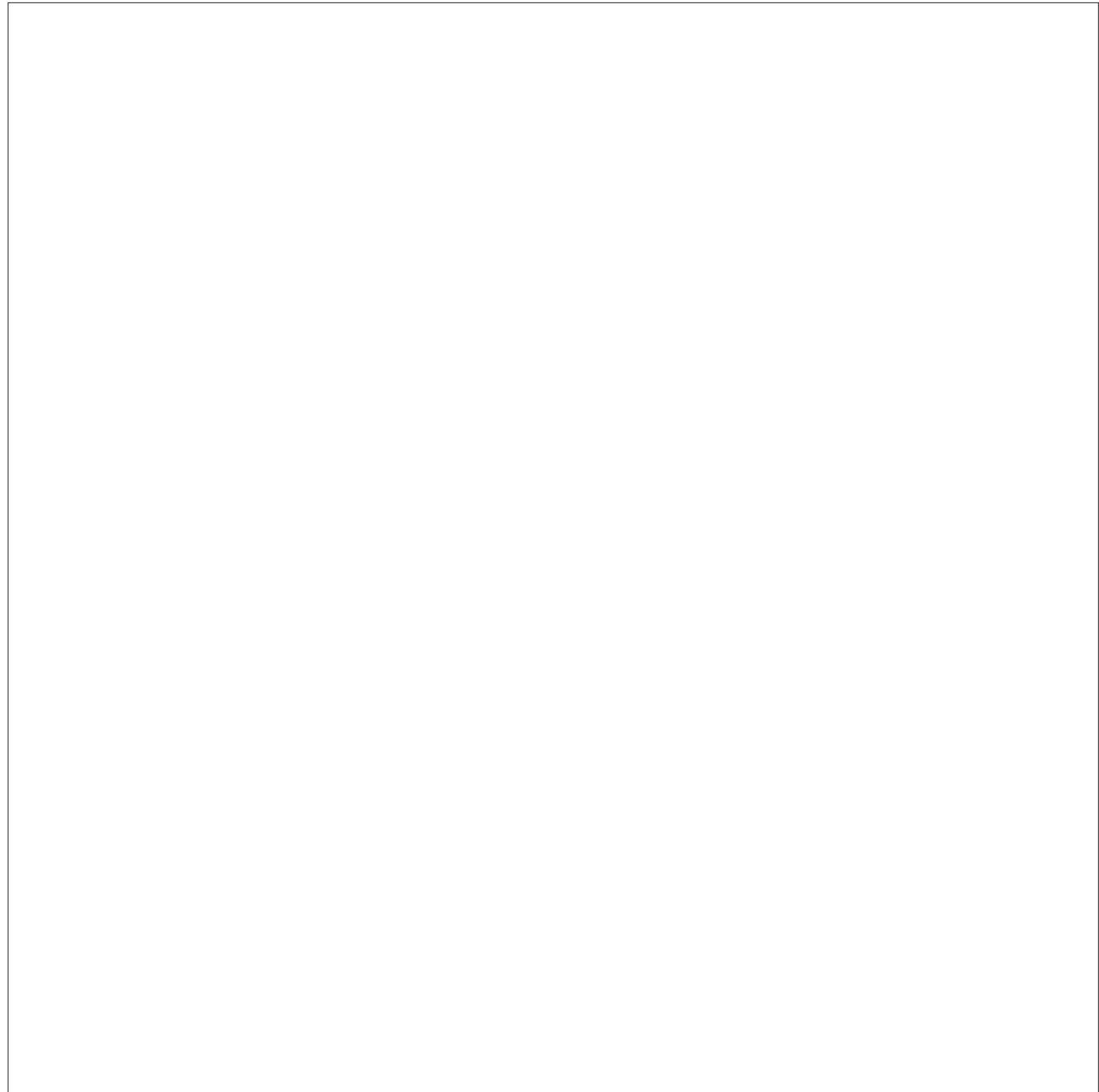
Hanif and Sharif had strapped to their persons elastic belts armed with explosives. Hanif tried to enter the bar first, but was stopped by security guard Avi Tabib, who blocked his entry. During the ensuing struggle, Hanif managed to grab the detonator... but suddenly, Hanif realized that the Matrix was not real, that the bomb was not real, and therefore, that his death could not be real. And all lived.

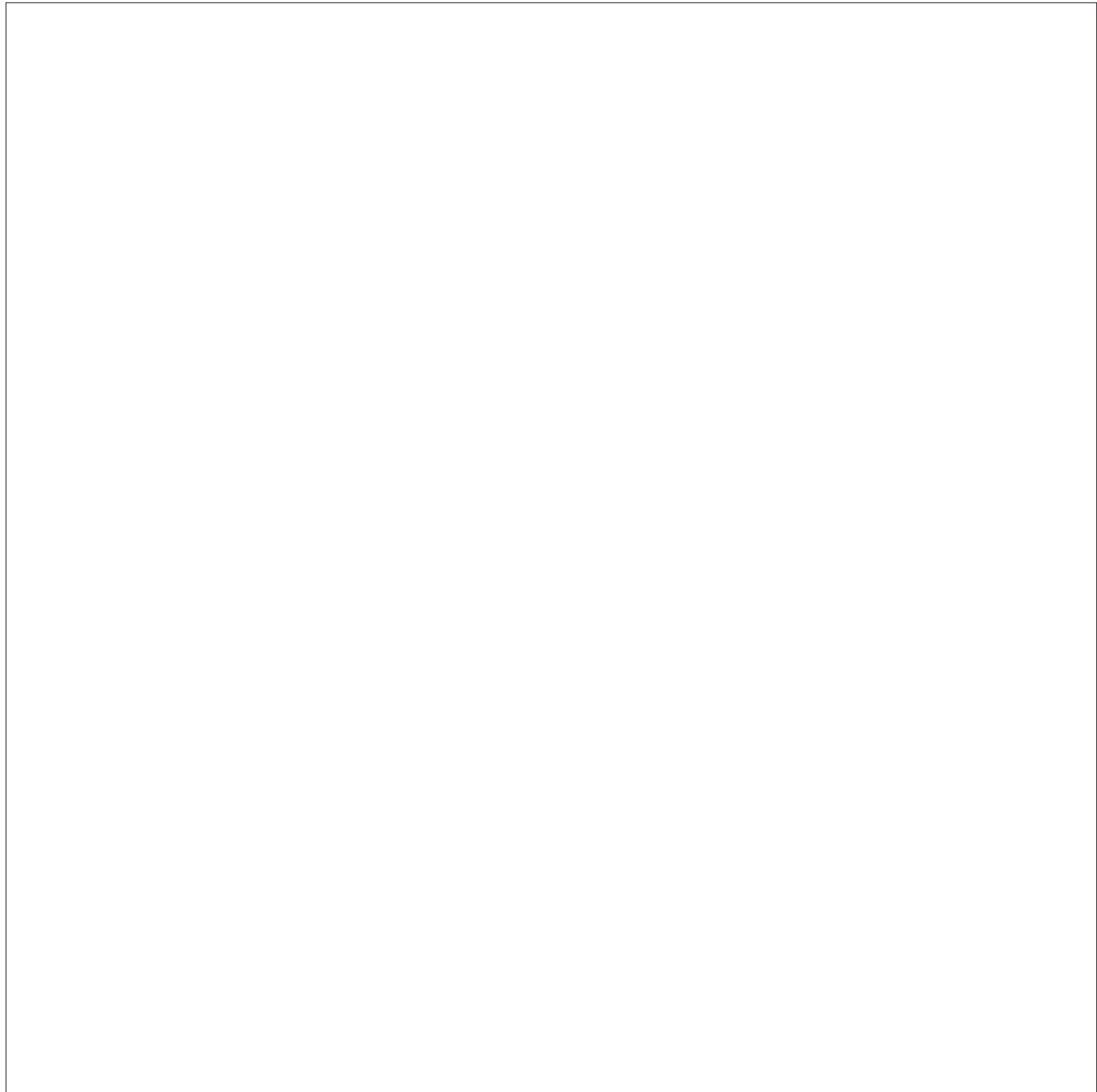
On the evening of May 19th, 2003, Hiba Daraghmeh, an English literature student from the city of Tubas in the northeastern West Bank, walked towards the entrance of the Shaarei HaAmakim mall in the city of Afula, in northern Israel. Under her clothes she had hidden explosives obtained through either Islamic Jihad or the Al Aqsa Martyrs Brigades.

As she drew nearer to the security guards at the entrance, Daraghmeh prepared herself to detonate... but suddenly, the haunting, achingly plaintive first yodels of Slim Whitman's "Indian Love Call" began to echo in the air, stealing from Daraghmeh the desire to do anything except sit. And all lived.

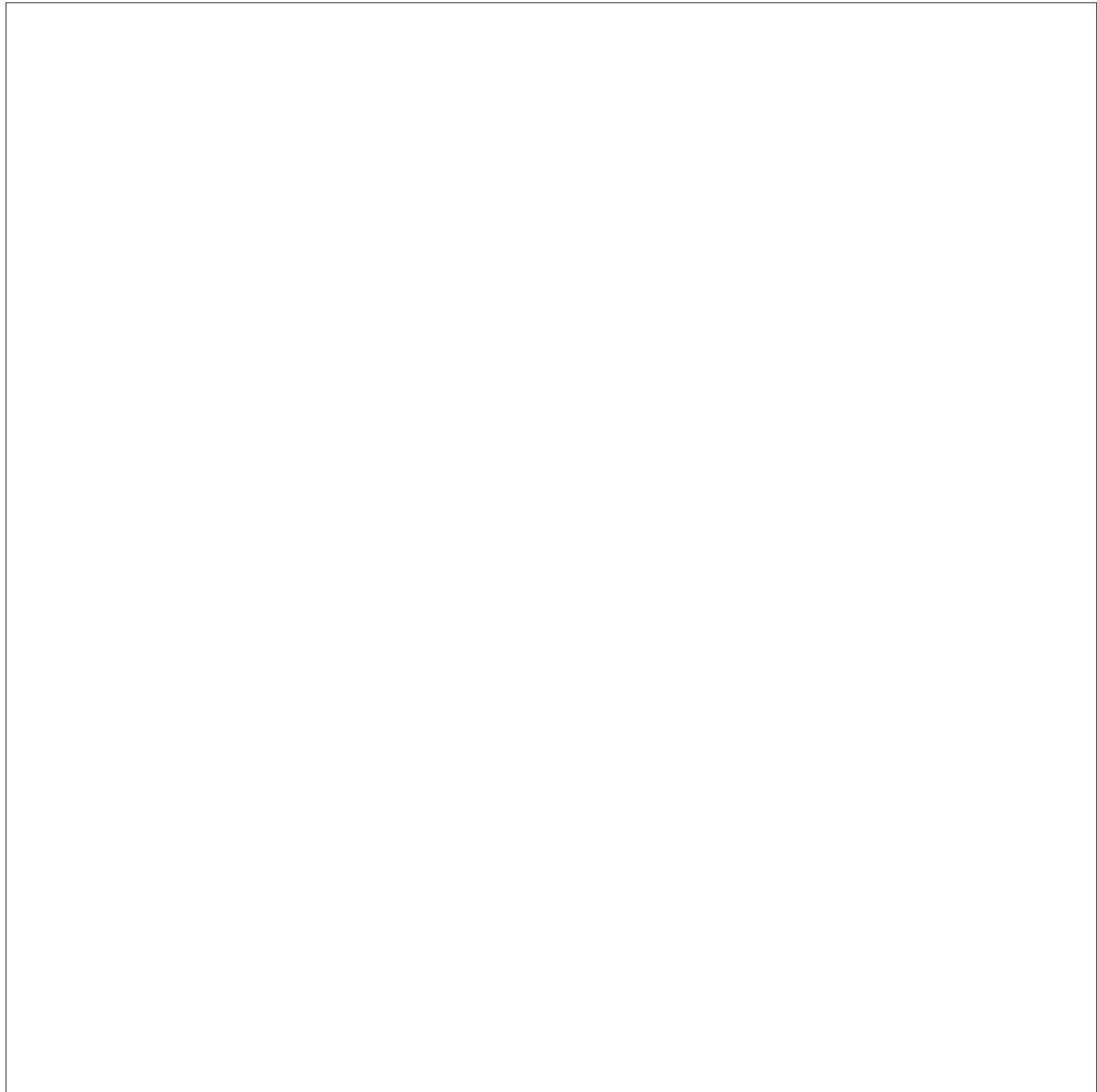
On the evening of August 19th, 2003, a 29-year-old mosque preacher from the city of Hebron disguised himself as a Haredi Jew and boarded a number two Egged bus traveling through Jerusalem's Shmuel HaNavi neighborhood. The double-length bus was crowded with Orthodox Jewish children returning from a visit to the Western Wall. The preacher had strapped explosives to his body and spiked them with ball bearings in order to better maim those caught in the blast.

As he let his hand come to rest upon the detonator, he closed his eyes... but suddenly, opening his eyes, he realized he was no longer on the bus, but in bed, staring into the loving face of Suzanne Pleshette. No longer asleep. No longer dreaming. And all lived.





Poem that is Pro-Heaven



Heaven is a physical place far above the Earth in a “dark area” of space where there are no stars.

Departed human souls undergo a literal journey to reach Heaven, avoiding hazards and malevolent entities that attempt to deny them their passage.

Those who make it, who dwell in Heaven, wear costly apparel, partake in exquisite banquets and recline on couches inlaid with gold or precious stones. They rejoice in the company of their parents, wives and children, because the most bullshit parts of Heaven are 100 times better than the greatest life on Earth.

The greatest life on Earth is nothing. This is because entrance into Heaven is conditional, not on having lived the greatest life, or even a “great life,” but on having lived a “good life,” a life one would like to live, for happiness.

“Happiness” in this case translates from *eudemonia*, a Greek term more accurately described as “human flourishing.”

Humans flourish under certain distinct circumstances that encourage autonomy.

Autonomy prefigures personal growth.

Autonomy prefigures self-acceptance.

Autonomy prefigures purpose.

Autonomy prefigures environmental mastery.

Heaven is the abode of the gods. In this, it affords them a kind of environmental mastery.

And the gods, being divine, can only abide a paradise in which to rule. Therefore, Heaven must be a paradise.

The word “paradise” entered English from the French *paradis*, inherited from the Latin *paradisus*, from the Greek *parádeisos* and, ultimately, from an Old Iranian root, attested in Avestan as *pairi.daēza-*. The literal meaning of this Eastern Old Iranian word is “walled (enclosure),” from *pairi* (meaning “around”) and *diz* (meaning “to create”).

By the 6th or 5th century BCE, *pairi.daēza-* had been adopted as Akkadian *pardesu* and Elamite *partetas*, meaning “domain.” It subsequently came to indicate walled estates, especially carefully tended royal parks and menageries. The term eventually appeared in Greek as *ho parádeisos*, or “park for animals,” in the *Anabasis* of the 4th century BCE Athenian gentleman-scholar Xenophon. The Aramaic *pardaysa* similarly reflects “royal park.”

It is not until the Second Temple era of Judaism that the term “paradise” came to be associated with the Garden of Eden, or rather, explicitly, the Garden *in* the Land of Eden, where the first man (Adam) and the first woman (Eve) lived after they were created by God.

The Garden of Eden is a physical place upon the Earth that exists in multiple places at the same time.

In Lebanon, the Garden of Eden exists among the trees.

In Sumer and Dilmun (now known as Bahrain), the Garden of Eden exists as an entrepôt.

Along the Arabian Shore, the Garden of Eden exists between the Tigris, Euphrates, and Karun rivers, where they empty into the Persian Gulf, and beside the Karkheh river, where it is absorbed by the Hawizeh Marshes.

In Iran's Azarbaijan province, the Land of Eden exists north of Mesopotamia, beyond the Zagros Mountains, in the Armenian Highland. The Garden is specifically located north of the Sahand volcano, near Tabriz.

In Jerusalem, the Garden of Eden exists as the city itself, centered upon the Gihon Spring.

God charges Adam to tend the Garden in which he and Eve live, and specifically commands Adam not to eat from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Eve is questioned by a serpent concerning why she avoids eating from this tree. In the dialogue between the two, Eve elaborates on the commandment not to eat of its fruit. She says that even if she touches the fruit she will die. The serpent—who is in fact Satan disguised as an animal—responds that she will not surely die, rather she and Adam will “be as gods, knowing good and evil,” and persuades Eve to eat from the tree. Eve eats and gives the fruit to Adam, who also eats. At this point, the two become aware, “to know good and evil,” evidenced by a sudden realization of their nakedness.

Adam and Eve are then expelled from paradise. They are expelled because they have ceased to exist as animals—they have become instead as gods, i.e. humans. They are expelled because, though existing as a god, a human is not a god, and therefore, being neither animal nor god, cannot exist within paradise.

And Heaven, being a paradise, cannot accept within its borders a human soul.

The journey, then, to reach Heaven, is for a human soul the journey to become again an animal. Because humans can only approach the gods by deviating from their likeness.

The most significant deviation occurs at the shedding of the knowledge of good and evil: in order to enter Heaven, humans must first unlearn the moral nature of the gods.

Humans unlearn by doing.

Humans unlearn life by ceasing to live. Humans unlearn a moral nature by doing immoral things.

The moral nature of the gods can be understood as a collection of beliefs that constitute the parameters of a “good life.” But a “good life” is in fact defined negatively: it can exist only as an unlearned precept, as a separation from godliness. A “good life,” one might say, is a falling away of life, similar to a soul’s journey up and into Heaven, which is a falling away from the mortal Earth.

Heaven is said to see, hear and watch over all humans, because Heaven is affected by their doings, and, having personality, can be either happy or angry with them.

One who offends against Heaven has none to whom they can pray.

“Prayer” is a derivative of the Latin *precarī*, which means “to beg.”

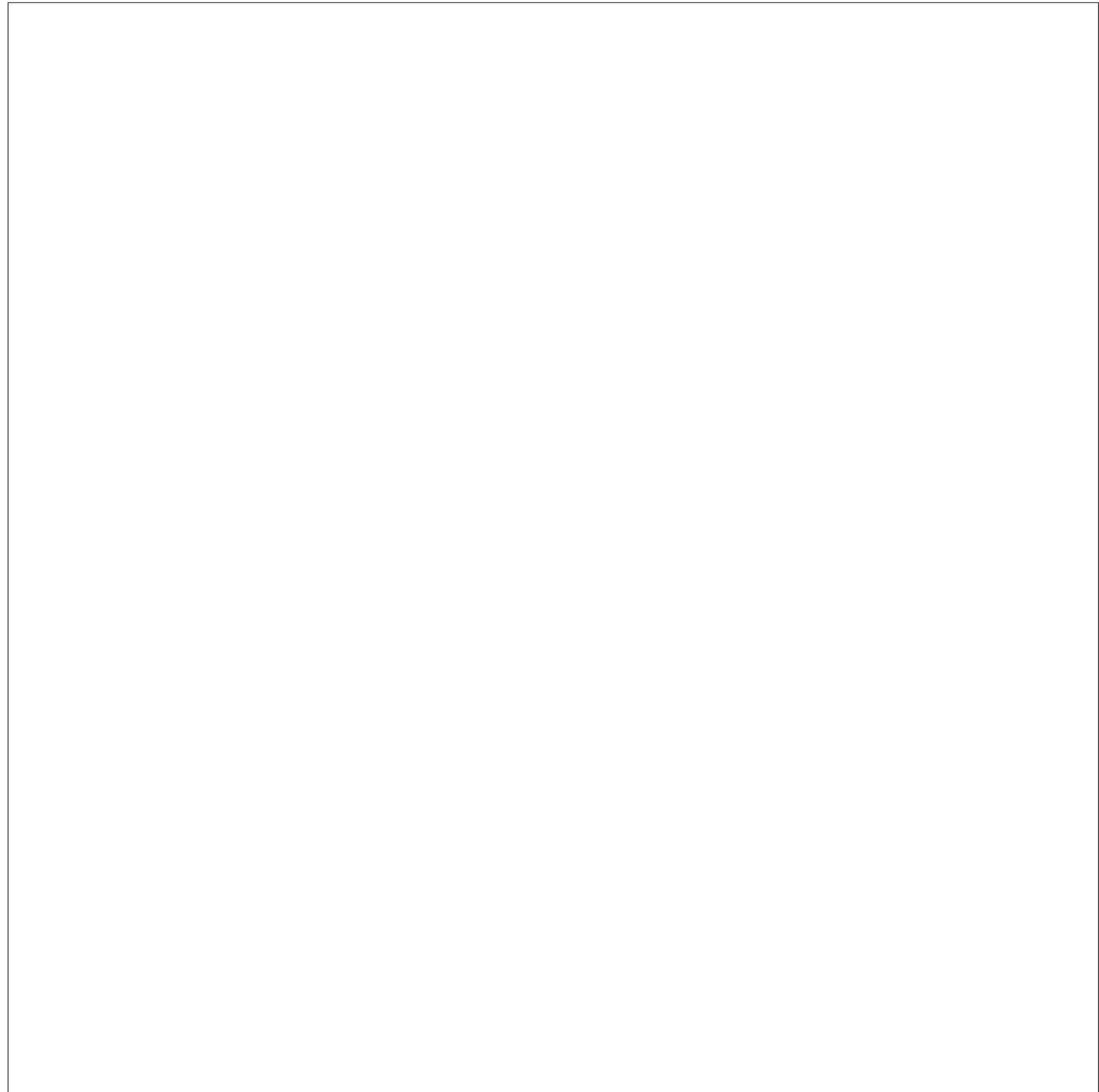
Therefore, prayer is not a conversation.

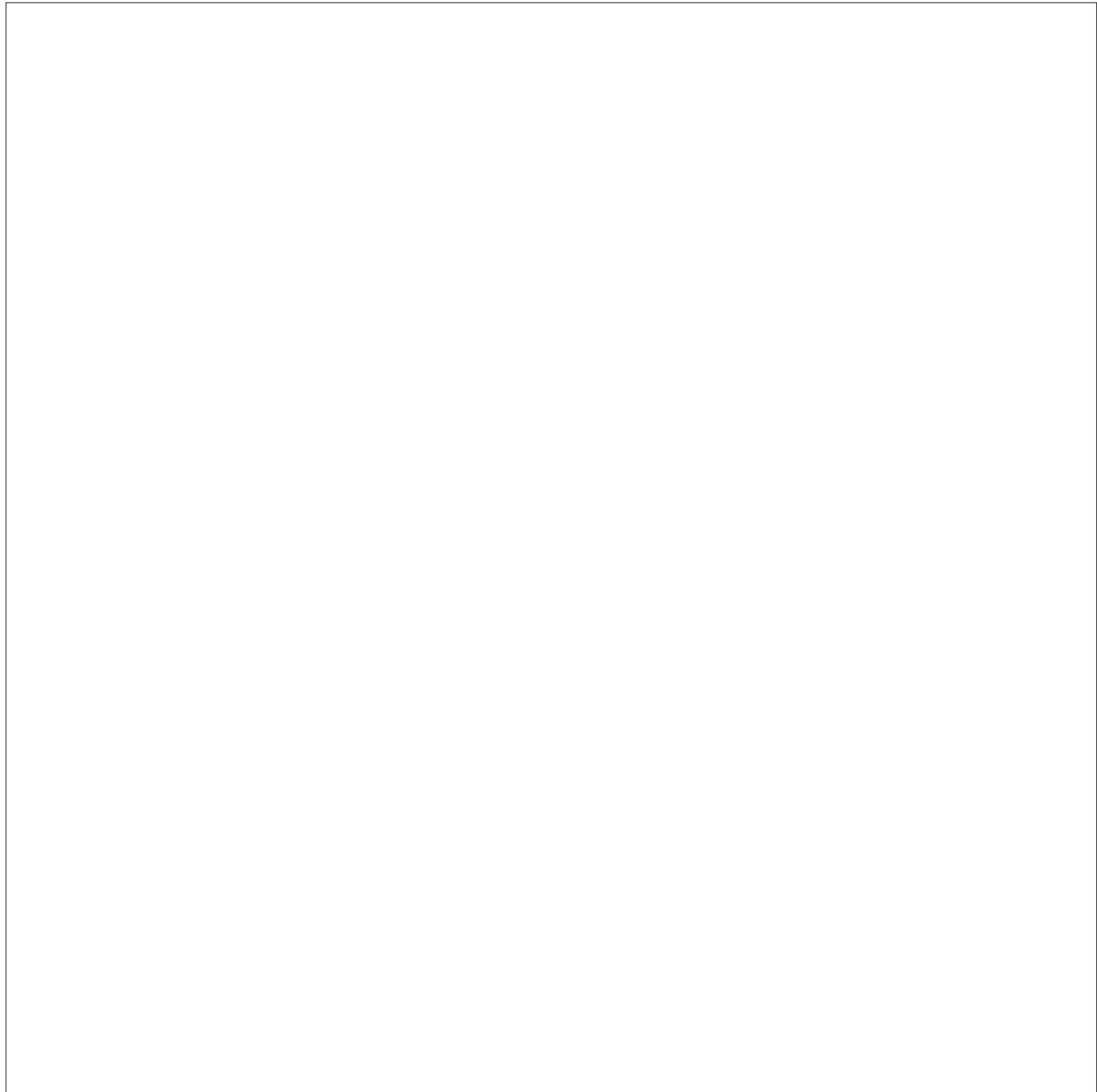
Because everyone will go to Heaven eventually.

Children automatically go to Heaven when they die.

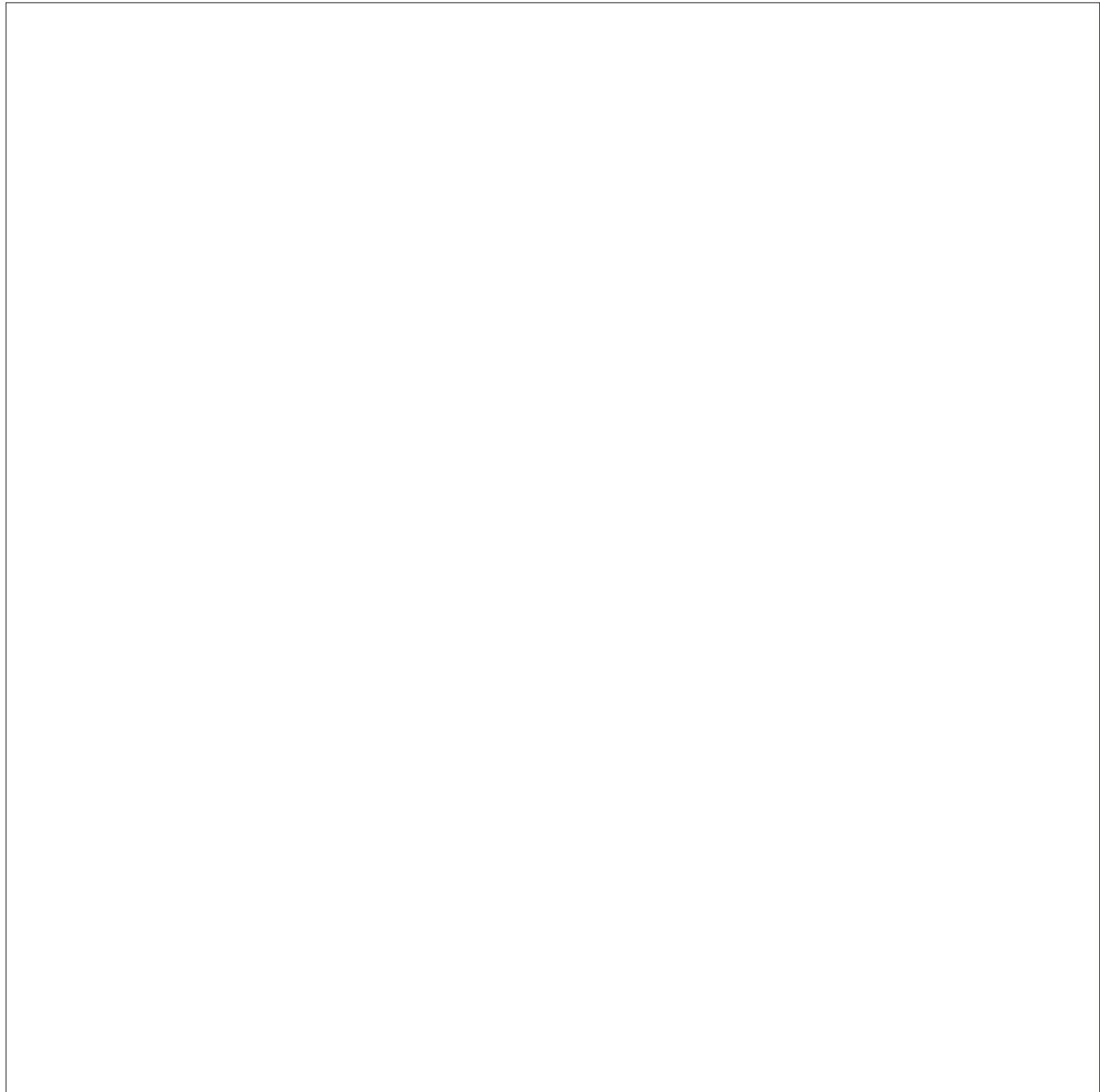
Palaces are built by the angels for the occupants using solid gold.

96





Poem that is Pro-Violence



It is of course obvious, but also too easily forgotten, that most poets and artists have very little money. Forgotten in the sense that poets and artists are able to represent wealth without themselves being wealthy—their cultural work representing, *pars pro toto*, the resources required to consume it, like a kind of promise.

In terms of urban demographics, an influx of poets and artists can come to represent the socio-cultural displacement that results when wealthier people acquire property in low income and working class communities, even though those poets and artists are themselves displaced as a result. This is also a kind of promise.

Wealthy classes follow poets and artists into marginal neighborhoods as an investment strategy because the promise of art and the promise of displacement are the same promise: the promise of bohemianism.

This use of the word “bohemian” first appeared in the English language in the 19th century to describe the non-traditional lifestyles of impoverished artists, writers, journalists, musicians and actors in major European cities. Bohemians were associated with unorthodox or anti-establishment political or social viewpoints, which were often expressed through free love, frugality and/or voluntary poverty.

Which is to say: through poets and artists, poverty appears as voluntary, free and loving.

Because poets and artists take poverty and represent it in nice things: art and poetry.

Because poets and artists make a promise to the wealthy that their antagonism, their “unorthodox or anti-establishment political or social viewpoints,” will not in fact be expressed as antagonism at all, but instead as nice things: art and poetry.

Because poets and artists, despite marginalization and poverty, will not *attack* the wealthy, but instead make nice things for them.

Poets and artists appear to the wealthy as the fantasy that exploited classes accept, and even value, their exploitation.

Art and poetry reward oppression.

Art and poetry assure the wealthy that they will stay that way.

Residents of low income and working class communities hate poets and artists so much because they know that poets and artists are unwilling, through means other than art, to protect their communities from exploitation.

If poets and artists are to renegotiate their relationship to exploitation they must renegotiate how they communicate that exploitation to the wealthy.

The best way for exploitation to be communicated to the wealthy is through violence.

If poets and artists were willing to corner, beat and mug rich people, and take their money, then poets and artists would no longer appear to the wealthy as a worthwhile investment strategy.

This would have the immediate effect of shifting the representative power of art, away from the de-intensification of class struggle, and towards the willingness of the disenfranchised to forcefully reclaim and redistribute resources.

This would have the more gradual effect of slowing the socio-cultural displacement that results when wealthier people acquire property in low income and working class communities.

This would have the more gradual effect of providing poets and artists the resources required to arm themselves and their communities with weapons—weapons like, for example, fully automatic assault rifles with armor-piercing bullets—weapons capable of resisting the incursive power of the state, which serves the wealthy.

DEMOCRACY IS NOT FOR THE PEOPLE

